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## MY OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

THE honorable place, Mr. EDITOR, assigned to my former communication, encourages me to persevere in recalling the images and features of the past : and I now proceed to pass in review some of *my old acquaintances*, departed this life, and now, it is to be hoped, enjoying, through mercy, happiness in the next.

From my father's being engaged in public life, during the Revolution, and for some years after, and from having myself occasionally served in the State Legislature, I have, from an early age, enjoyed the privilege of becoming personally acquainted with most of the prominent public and private characters that have figured upon the stage of political and domestic life for the last three-score years and ten.

The earliest dawn of my recollection was awakened in Albany, although I do not remember that I was born there, and am well assured that I was not : but do remember the funeral of Lord Stirling, which was the most brilliant event which occurred there during the war, and which I saw from the window where I was perched up for the purpose. I was delighted by the spectacle of the military pomp displayed on the occasion ; but my joy was turned to sorrow by falling from the window-seat upon the floor of the apartment : which nevertheless served to impress the pageant in the street more deeply upon my memory, and impart to it greater solemnity.

The scene of my next reminiscence lies lower down the Hudson, somewhere on the shore opposite Newburgh, where I remember sitting on the knee of a tall, grave-looking gentleman in blue-and-buff, of whom I felt much in awe until he smiled upon me as he set me down, and told me that he was going to his home a great way off, and I might never see him again, but that I must not forget him. I never shall : nor will the rest of mankind, to the latest generation — for it was WASHINGTON. I did, however, 'see him again,' often : and the next time was as he landed at the Battery from the Governor's barge, when he came on to be inaugurated the first President of the United States.

During the residence of my parents in the vicinity of the army, I formed the acquaintance of many other Revolutionary officers of rank. The one principally associated with the time and place, was General Henry Knox, afterward Secretary-at-War, who was left in command of West-Point. I recognized him afterward in New-York by the black silk handkerchief which bound up the hand in which he had been wounded at Germantown. At this period I became acquainted also with his lady, who was quite a character. Short and thick almost to globularity, she strove to protract her perpendicular axis by raising her hair and head-dress to as great a height as any of the towering edifices described in my last. For lessening her horizontal diameter there was no remedy : at least it never, as I can remember, was diminished ; and it must absolutely have increased, when General Putnam, while in command in this city, refused to let her cross the ferry to Powle's-Hook, in pursuit of her husband. When demanded the reason of his refusal, 'Old Put' referred to the order of the commander-in-chief, 'not to permit any *heavy baggage* to go over.'

The other Revolutionary officers of my acquaintance were Generals Schuyler and Tenbroeck ; Baron Steuben and his aids, North, Walker, and Fairlie ; Colonels Hamilton and Troup ; Majors Clarkson, Lewis, W. S. Smith, Fish, and Webb, and, at a later period, the Marquis La Fayette, all of whom are too well known in history to require notice from my pen. I cannot, however, resist referring to the anecdote of the Baron related by President Duer in his Address before the St. Nicholas Society, that while dissuading Governor Clinton from ordering the militia to fire on the 'Doctor's Mob,' there came a brick-bat that knocked the poor Baron in the head and his benevolence from his heart, when, as he fell, he exclaimed : 'Fire, Governor, fire !'

The most eminent civilians with whom I became acquainted after our removal to this city, were John Jay, Rufus King, Gouverneur Morris, Egbert Benson, and Chancellor Livingston ; the principal clergymen were Bishop Provoost — *parsons* (as they were then called) Beach and Moore, of the Protestant Episcopal Church ; Doctors Livingston, of the Dutch Reformed, and Rodgers of the Presbyterian, Churches : the most distinguished lawyers, beside Hamilton and Troup, who had now returned to the bar, were John Lawrence and Brockholst Livingston : the leading physicians were McKnight, Jones, Romaine, and the Bards, father and son : and the most prominent among the merchants and bankers were James Desbrosses, (pronounced De Bruce,) Peter Kemble, his partners, the Gouverneurs, Cornelius Ray, Le Roy and Bayard, William Seton, William Edgar, Alexander Macomb, William Constable, Daniel Ludlow, and Henry Remsen.

From being connected with the family of Governor Jay, I was, while a youth, invited to dine at the Government House, which stood facing the Bowling-green ; and I remember that there was at table an English lady of that class which can find nothing in this country, animal or vegetable, to compare with the productions of her own. After many 'odious comparisons,' she was asked by the Governor, what she thought of English cranberries. 'Oh ! infinitely superior to yours !' was the

brisk response. Now cranberries are to this day an article of export from this country to England.

Of Rufus King, although I enjoyed his intimacy, I have but little to say: owing, probably, to his absences as minister to Great Britain, and at Philadelphia and Washington in the Senate. Among other virtues, he was remarkable for his prudence. He was once one of a company at Saratoga Springs, who were sitting together at table after dinner, when one of the party, by way of pastime, proposed that any gentleman present who committed a fault against good manner, or an impropriety of behavior, should be fined a bumper. All, in turn, were found guilty except Mr. King: whereupon Rensselaer Schuyler, a son of the General's, moved that he should be fined *for being found in bad company*.

Of Gouverneur Morris, what I have said in my former communication is sufficiently characteristic. I shall only add an occurrence at the baptism of his son. The ceremony took place at the time the Russian General Kutusoff was pursuing his career of victory over the French, much to the exultation of Mr. Morris, who had boasted of it in a speech in the Senate. Among the persons present at the christening were two nephews of Mr. Morris, his presumptive heirs. Said David to Martin: 'What is to be his name?' '*Cut-us-off*, to be sure,' said Martin to David: and Martin, though no saint, proved a prophet greater than David.

Of my old and genial friend Benson there is little need of adding any thing to the admirable memoir of his life lately delivered before the Historical Society by Mr. Henry Van Schaack, son of the life-long friend of its subject, the great lawyer of Kinderhook. Impartiality, however, demands notice to be taken of a sin of omission of which my friend Egbert was guilty, but for which I dare not condemn him, as, like him, I purpose myself to continue a bachelor through life. I fear, too, I am in danger of following his example in another respect, in the commission of a fault common among persons of our age and condition, and for which indulgence can only be expected from contemporary conversationists. I must nevertheless introduce a trait necessary to complete his portrait. He had been an able lawyer, and a learned and upright judge, yet latterly he not only preferred talking, that 'vice of age,' to listening, but from deafness, or inattention to what was said to him, fell into the habit of giving a standing answer to every interrogatory put to him. 'None, Sir, none,' was the stereotyped formula. If asked what church he attended, or what religion he professed, 'None, Sir, none,' was the unconscious response: notwithstanding he was a constant worshipper at the Dutch Reformed Church, of which, too, he was for some time a ruling elder.

This mention of a church reminds me of the clergy. The first on the list is, of course, Bishop Provoost. He had been a staunch whig in the Revolution, and for that reason was preferred by our revolutionary Episcopalians, upon the reorganization of the Church after the war, to Dr. Benjamin Moore, who had remained in the city while it was in possession of the British troops, but who nevertheless succeeded to the episcopate. The

first was every inch—in circumference—a bishop, but never ‘magnified his office.’ He was, moreover, an accomplished scholar, more fond of the experimental sciences than of scholastic philosophy, and a gentleman in his manner. ‘And the second was like unto him.’ They were both upon the best of terms with their contemporaries of other denominations: the elder of whom were Dr. John H. Livingston, of the Dutch Reformed, and Dr. John Rodgers, of the Presbyterian Churches. The one was noted for the dignity of his deportment; the other for the mildness and simplicity of his manners. A story is told of these two venerable divines, which if not true, ‘well,’ as the French say, ‘deserves to be.’ Upon meeting each other in the street on a winter’s day, when the ground was covered with snow to a depth equal to that of the last season, after exchanging mutual salutations, the weather, of course, became the topic of conversation. ‘A deep snow,’ said Dr. R. ‘Tremendous,’ said Dr. L. ‘I hope it will disappear soon,’ said Dr. R. ‘Not suddenly, Doctor, or we should have another deluge; but *gradually, gradually*, Doctor.’

About these days James Duane, who had been a member of the Continental Congress, was Mayor of the city, and Judge of the District Court of the United States. Richard Varick was Recorder, and succeeded to the mayoralty. Both were able and efficient magistrates, notwithstanding they differed much in character, disposition, and manners. Mr. Duane was mild, conciliatory, and bland, while Colonel Varick—for he had been an officer in the Revolution—was more energetic, and somewhat peremptory and dictatorial. One was a warden of Trinity Church; the other an elder in the Dutch Reformed. Both were good Christians, and therefore catholic in their principles and charitable in their feelings. It seems to me that there was then greater harmony among the different sects than now-a-days. Can it be that the principles of toleration were better understood, or that progress in spiritual has not kept pace with improvement in temporal affairs?

‘Old Sam Jones,’ the elder, succeeded Colonel Varick as Recorder, but I never knew much of him, nor did any body else, though he lived to the age of ninety and upward. It was because he cultivated no intimacy except with his black-letter law-books, and with Mr. Jay, when Governor. I well knew, however, his sons; the elder of whom was generally known as Samuel Jones, Junior, until he was past sixty. He inherited his father’s law-learning with his books, as well as his complexion, which had imbibed its hue from the parchments he had pored over. When the ‘old’ gentleman was transferred to Albany as Comptroller, his youngest son David accompanied him as private secretary to Governor Jay; and well he became the station: though he might occasionally fancy himself the principal, yet a more honorable, brave, generous, gentlemanly, high-minded man I never knew. His father was succeeded in the recordership by Richard Harison, an elegant scholar and accomplished gentleman, as well as a sound and well-read lawyer. He had been a tory in the Revolution, and had remained in the city while it was in possession of the British; but upon the organization of the Federal Government under the present constitution, he was ap-

pointed, upon the recommendation of Colonel Hamilton and other leading whigs, to the office of District-Attorney of the United States for New-York, which he held as long as the Federalists continued in power. The same liberal policy toward the tories who had remained in the State during the war, or had returned to it after the peace, was pursued by the first Governor Clinton.

Mr. Harison was succeeded in office by Edward Livingston, who had represented this city in Congress, and had given the casting vote of the New-York delegation to Mr. Jefferson, in his contest with Colonel Burr for the presidency. His elder brother, the Chancellor, was about the same time appointed minister to France; and Edward had the further good fortune of succeeding Colonel Varick in the mayoralty. Subsequent pecuniary embarrassments, however, induced him to abandon both offices, and remove to New-Orleans, where he retrieved his fortunes, private and political, by his practice at the bar, and his election to the Senate of the United States. He had served on the staff of General Jackson in the battle of the eighth of January, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Congress many years before, when the General was a representative from the State of Tennessee. These circumstances probably led to his being selected by Jackson when President, as the successor of Mr. Van Buren as Secretary of State, when the feud among the women blew up the cabinet constituted of their husbands, as well as to his nomination as minister to France. While in the former office he drew up the famous proclamation of the President against the *nullification* and other treasonable projects of South-Carolina, and had earned a yet more enduring reputation as author of the Civil Code of Louisiana. I knew him well, and witnessed his fearless and untiring devotion to his duties as President of the Board of Health during the yellow-fever of 1803. His exposure to the disease while visiting the Bellevue Hospital, brought it upon himself; but his indomitable spirits, aided by the skill of his physician, a Dr. Ramsay, who came from Edinburgh to study the disease, and the careful attendance of his nurses, carried him through. Notwithstanding the proverbial reputation of the Livingstons of that day for talent, Edward exceeded them all, except, perhaps, his cousin Brockholst, son of the famous Governor of New-Jersey, who was more distinguished at our bar, and rose to be successively a Judge of the Supreme Court of this State and of the Union. Both were remarkable for good temper and amiable deportment.

After the removal of Mr. Harison, the office of Recorder, as well as other municipal dignities, seemed to descend upon a sliding-scale. It was held in succession by John B. Prevost, step-son of Colonel Burr, and of course a *Burrite*; Maturin Livingston, a son-in-law of Governor Lewis, and therefore a *Lewisite*; and Pierre C. Van Wyck, a *Clintonian*; gradually degenerating in correspondence with the several State factions to which they belonged. A mischievous editor had the list printed in his newspaper, with types gradually diminishing in size, and closed it by observing that neither his fount nor 'the force of gravity could further go.'

## A B E R K S H I R E B R E E Z E

BY GEORGE H. CLARK.

AND this is Berkshire! Broad and bright  
The volume opens to my sight:  
Valleys and lakes are at my feet,  
And beaded brooks come down to meet,  
With many a plash and arrowy bound,  
The calmer stream that shines below:  
Fair stream! that having sweetly wound  
Its loving arms the hills around,  
Lingers to clasp and keep them so.

I've seen full many an autumn day  
In many a bright October,  
And mused beneath the foliage gay,  
And walked the hill-sides sober:  
But never, in my wanderings all,  
Did my delighted vision fall  
On lovelier scene than this!  
Here where the eye in roving rests  
On valleys and on mountain-crests:  
On hills all overpranked with trees,  
On clouds that flush yon azure seas —  
The purple clouds, whose crimson gates  
Seem pathways to the world that waits —  
The world beyond of bliss.

Here have the frost and sun-shine met  
It seems as if some airy rover  
Last evening's sun-down had upset,  
And spilt its dyes the woods all over.  
Oh! Beauty is a mountain maid,  
And artist-troops unseen attend her:  
This is her autumn masquerade,  
And these her robes of regal splendor.

And, nestling all among these hills,  
Peep out the pleasant homes of men,  
Who, flying from the care that kills,  
Are hither come to plume their quills —  
Knights of the rampant pen!  
Yes, when the fragrant winds of June  
Put all the mountain-harps in tune:  
When birds made vocal silent bowers,  
And wet their glistening wings in showers:  
When the bright plough-share turned the mould,  
Whose effluence filled the ambient air,  
And travelling sheep from many a fold  
Flecked the green hills and pastures fair;  
Then did these town-caged pilgrims yearn  
To leave the city's brick defiles,  
And from the noisome pavements turn,  
To bask in Nature's genial smiles.  
And hither do they wend their way,  
Primed for a long, bright holiday.

Here, snug ensconced, and safe imbowered  
Among the old umbrageous trees,  
Where sentient life is rosy-houred,  
They court luxurious ease.  
Perchance they court, in idle dreams,  
Mid winding paths by lazy streams,  
The half-forgotten muse:  
There give Imagination play,  
While Fancy plumes her airy way  
To bathe in heavenly dews.

Here comes, to rest his weary brain,  
The over-tasked divine,  
Hoping to find surcease of pain  
Beneath the mountain-pine.  
He comes from probing saddened souls,  
From pondering his great MASTER's plan,  
From dubious dreams of what controls  
That strange, perplexing creature, man,  
To read in Nature's open face  
The secrets never taught by art,  
And feel the dews, the hopes, the grace,  
That heal the bruised and bleeding heart.

The air, the streams, the trees, the flowers,  
Transport him back to childhood's hours,  
And whisper sounds that are to him  
Sweet as his mother's cradle-hymn.  
He flies to sports, that, when a boy,  
Filled youth's elastic life with joy;  
And seizing fish-pole, line, and hook,  
With stealthy tread he seeks the brook;  
Impales, unmoved, a fellow-worm,  
Sees it in tortuous writhings squirm,  
Adroitly casts his hair-line out,  
Stops — listens — jerks — and lo! a trout!

Thus day by day he beats the stream,  
Till, tired and sun-burned, yet elate,  
He sees the season culminate,  
And wakes from his delicious dream.  
So, having at his ease amassed  
Sufficient health and strength to last  
Till Winter's toilsome march is past,  
Takes one long breath his lungs to fill,  
Repacks his 'EDWARDS on the Will,'  
Then back from whence he came:  
There, in vexed waters, never still,  
Beneath the great tree Igdrasil,  
To fish for nobler game.

Here is the summer haunt of him,  
Whose riant fancy loves to swim  
In a poetic sea of fun:  
A brimming, broad, and liberal sea,  
Before whose breezes, dancing free,  
His shallop loves to run.  
That light barque never comes to shore  
Without a freight of precious ore:



For pregnant is the bellying sail,  
 And perfumed is the favoring gale  
 That bends his taper mast,  
 And when his pennant points to land,  
 Impatient listeners crowd the strand,  
 Awaiting HOLMES's last.

And this long-promised son of song,  
 For whom the world has waited long,  
 Though baptized in Castalia's dews,  
 Stand lightly toying with the muse:  
 He to his own intense delight,  
 Provokes our whetted appetite  
 With intellectual whips and creams,  
 And such like unsubstantial themes;  
 Gives us the play-hours of his wits,  
 In tantalizing crumbs and bits;  
 Just lifts the screen, that we may guess  
 What hoards of wealth behind it press,  
 Till, though rebellious midriffs ache,  
 And non-resistant muscles break,  
 Yet, with our nerves relaxed and sore,  
 Like DICKENS' boy we cry for MORE!

Let pedants, if they will, condemn  
 The luscious fruit, too rich for them,  
 For jaundiced eyes too fair:  
 Yet would they peel the velvet rind,  
 And squeeze the juicy pulp, they'd find  
 The seeds of wisdom there.

Sworn foe to humbug and to cant,  
 He rips the windy bags of rant;  
 Strips from conceit the lion's skin,  
 And lets the tell-tale sunlight in  
 On empty heads to shine;  
 His wretched victims writhe and quail  
 With inward pangs, and visage pale,  
 As if the wag had dipped his pen  
 In some unsavory albumen,  
 Or antimonial wine.

But when he turns his harp to Spring,  
 How clear his liquid notes!  
 The birds rush by on whistling wing,  
 And soft the choral music floats.  
 Beneath his footsteps blush the flowers,  
 The lordly elm above him towers;  
 The maple-buds in clusters fair  
 Hang their frail garlands in the air,  
 And the lithe birch its tassels swings,  
 Witched by the west wind's winnowing wings.

The hyacinth and daffodil  
 Their perfume through his lines distil;  
 Among his leaves a dainty group  
 Of lilies of the valley droop;  
 The delicate fern its fingers spreads,  
 Pale mountain-daisies lift their heads,  
 The snow-drop turns its sweet lips up,  
 The tulip flaunts its gaudy cup;



The purple lilac's fragrance comes  
To wile the bees from winter homes;  
The arbutus clings to kiss the ground,  
The harebell swings its censers round;  
The cowslip from its velvet bed  
Just shows its unpretending head;  
The honeysuckle flings perfume  
Above where lowly violets bloom,  
And golden butter-cups uplift  
A chalice for night's dewy gift.

In wild profusion heaped about  
He pours his wealth of language out,  
Until the feasting mind is cloyed  
And sated with the sweets enjoyed.

One need not seek the warming fields  
To watch the early blossoms grow,  
His page the old aroma yields,  
And there you feel them bud and blow.  
His floral groves and rustling trees  
'Smell of the woods and morning breeze,'  
And cheated by the bright ideal  
The gorgeous minstrel flings before you,  
His prismatic sketches all seem real,  
And heaven's own blue is bending o'er you!

And in his thoughtful, pithy lines  
The welcome news transparent shines,  
This is the coming man!  
One single line admits the fact,  
That half his powers are held intact,  
When, as to pose us puzzled wights,  
He tells us that he never writes  
So funny as he can!

Considerate bard! to spare the lives  
Of us and of our precious wives,  
By keeping on an even poise  
The valve that stops explosive noise:  
But ah! if through some sad mistake,  
In an unguarded hour,  
He should omit to watch the break,  
What awful work the slip would make,  
What wrecks proclaim his power!  
Buttons would fly and waistbands burst,  
Men tumble in convulsions dire,  
While wailing infants, half-way nursed,  
Would shriek to see, prone in the dust,  
Their mothers and their hopes expire.  
Strong-featured men would find their jaws  
Expanded like a rose full-blown,  
And, chuckling o'er the exciting cause,  
Forget amid their pains to groan.  
In droves they would go wild and die,  
And piled along the pathway lie,  
Like suicidal gnomes;  
And coroners' juries all would find,  
In most irreverent frame of mind,  
Died from excess of HOLMES!

Oh! when he brings his Paixhan gun,  
 Prepare, ye vaulting bards, to run —  
 Ye weaklings, stand from under!  
 His Epic through the world will crash,  
 Majestic as the cataract's dash,  
 As brilliant as the lightning's flash,  
 As solemn as the thunder!

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L E T T E R S   T O   E L L A .

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NUMBER SEVEN.

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A COUNTRY seat and prospect like Ellas-land, require so much outlay that it becomes expedient to find out economies; a barouche with one horse does well enough in lieu of a coach and two horses; one man, who includes in his own person the requisites of gardener, hostler, boot-black, and cow-herd, serves the purpose nearly as well as if a separate professorship were endowed for each; he feels his consequence more, and is quite unable to quarrel with himself as to the division of labor. A single horse, proof against the folly of flags, fire-crackers, and broken harness, fastened to a carriage with the whole family on board, moving prettily and stoutly over streets, as if he would not thank another horse to divide with him the honor of drawing such a load, inspires one with regard. It is a pleasure to take care that his hay and oats shall be sweet, his bed comfortable, and his grooming friendly. Approaching him with a palm-full of oats, I say to him: 'Roane, you are a horse indeed.'

He makes a low, soft, friendly sound through his nostrils, as if he would say: 'You are the master I like to see.'

I make to him an unspoken speech, by signs and tokens; patting him on the nose, rubbing his neck, slapping his smooth haunches; which he seems to understand to mean, as it does mean, that he and I are pledged friends. I warm up towards him with kind sentiments, and reach him yet another handful of oats; and he takes it as one who drinks my health, and hopes for many a chance to drink it, as we grow old together.

'When she comes home,' say I to him, silently; 'when Ella comes, you shall have the honor of drawing her; no other horse, no not if he were the king's horse, shall rob you of that pleasure, or share it. If, at any time, for purposes of style, it shall happen that other two horses shall be used to draw her, it shall avail them nothing; it will be for form's sake only; you are the horse that has my confidence, and to you she will look as her friend.'

Roane assents by another low, sociable sound, through his nostrils, and seems to wish to say:

‘And the way I will do it will be a joy to the damsel.’

The horse and man are both many things in one, and they have together a very good understanding; a touch of the whip means that the horse is to go faster, if it shall suit his convenience, but otherwise not; it gives the driver’s consent to a more rapid movement. When starting from any point, considerable manœuvring and showing of signals remind one of the sailing of a fleet; indeed there appears a mental proclivity on the part of the driver, not uncommon in more important characters, to enhance to himself the importance of his office; he carries on with himself the theory of driving an indefinite number of horses.

We call him the Commodore. His birth-place was somewhere in Germany, not far from some river, and near some town, in some prince’s domains; but it would be an urgent matter that could induce me to pronounce or remember any one of several names necessary to locate it. In his appearance and in his habits, he is more Scotch than German; it is highly probable that Ireland is partially represented in his composition. He does not fully belong to any present classification, but is what gardeners would call a seedling; a sort by himself. Perhaps no individual of the human race has ever been endowed more richly with capacity for blundering; but his intuition is a clear running river of integrity, never in the smallest degree mixed or muddled with wrong dispositions. As regular as a clock, he needs no winding up; and his striking part does not get out of order. If set upon a piece of business under general directions, the chances would be largely in favor of his missing the mode you intended; but taking pains to get him in a condition to begin right, you may then let on the motion with assurance that he will go through the matter in the way he begins it. Show him what part of the horse to hit, when necessary to use the whip, and the Commodore will not vary from the particular spot half an inch in a week. As yet, however, no discovery has been made how to break up his illusion of driving a multitude of horses; with his single horse and barouche, he expends more management and intellectual combination than would be requisite for the ring-master of a circus. He pronounces his ‘Who-o-o!’ with a copiousness of voice needing not to be more ample for a six-horse team.

With such an outfit did your mother move in state, out of the borders of Ellas-land, toward the city, to make a call on the lady of General Cleaver.

When we first knew General Cleaver and his excellent lady, they were about beginning the world: their chief stock in trade and capital in business consisting of two small children, with little reason to fear but an inventory, at regular business periods, would continue to show a handsome per centage of profit in kind. His name was then ornamented by no superfluity whatever; but with coat off, and sleeves rolled to the elbow, plain Cleaver, as cheerily and heartily as another man, earned monthly wages. Lady Cleaver was then laughing Maggy, and with her little folks inhabited a smaller suit of rooms than is worth while to mention. At that period of her life, she was the most accomplished person, in the art of fried cakes, it was ever my fortune to know.

Had there been a public concert for the frying of cakes, no one could have denied to Maggie Cleaver the honor of being set down on the bills for a solo. Not far from her narrow abode flourished a cake-shop, famous in all the borders of the city for its fried cakes, which bore a striking resemblance to those made by Mrs. Cleaver ; but aside from this coincidence of qualities, no other cakes like them could be found. Mr. Cleaver was a hearty man, and had an eye to the main chance : he nibbled little bits of profit from a variety of things, and grew in worldly gear. At the first, fortune gave him a distant recognition, passing with an equivocal look, more like an artificial smirk, or grin, than an expression of regard ; she learned in time to give him a neighborly nod and a hurried smile, like one whom she had met and with whom acquaintance was ripening ; then she made cordial bows and expressive smiles, until quite recently she broke out into an overflowing laughter and hearty affection. She drank him bumpers in successive pork speculations, and was glad to show herself walking the streets with him. The Cleavers now occupy a three-story stone front, on — street, and drive a coach with a span of large bays. They are one of our ‘highly respectable’ families. General and Madame Cleaver regard with favor the progress of democratic institutions, though they do not think it necessary to conceal their opinion that too little weight is given to blood and family distinction. The Cleavers are a military family ; the General’s father having been out in the war of 1812, during which, he was thought well of as the driver of a baggage-wagon ; indeed he was wounded in that war, and carried to his dying day his honorable scars. His wound was the result of carelessness in the commissary department, in watering the whiskey served out for rations. At the ordinary strength, the elder Cleaver knew how much he could drink and remain sober ; and being a man of great regularity of habit, he seldom stopped short of the quantity. On the day of the accident, it was stronger than common ; not to the extent of drunkenness, but resulting in a complication of his faculties, by which natural objects presented themselves in three or four shapes at once. In a peaceful effort to get out of the way of a stump, which was both frisky and hostile, Cleaver fell under the wheel of his own wagon, and beside abrasions and bruises, his leg was broken. After the war, when he was obliged to purchase his whiskey at a variety of places, want of uniformity in its strength was more frequently seen in its effects upon him ; showing the injurious tendency of mixtures in the liquor trade upon a man who had served his country and never drank to excess. His memory was clear as to events ; but as he advanced in years, there were signs of its laches as to persons and places. He could describe, with graphic power, several of the bloodiest scenes of the war ; but, by a lapse of recollection, was apt to place himself in the thickest of the fray. He came to be known as one of the veterans, and was in demand for fourth of July processions and dinners : insomuch that if the apostrophes addressed to him by orators on such occasions could be gleaned into a book, they would make up an affecting portion of American literature. He lived to behold the rising orb of his son’s fortunes, and was gathered to his fathers : having been found one stormy morning in the mouth of a

sewer, over which it is supposed he stumbled. The vital spark had fled, so far as known, without a murmur or a pang. His son has erected a monument to his memory, ornamented with military emblems, and inscribed :

‘Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord : for their works do follow them.’

A mild radiance is thrown upon the splendor of General Cleaver’s social position, by his gracious amenities : he allows his children to play with ours ; he speaks encouragingly of your father ; in our presence he makes believe that he feels much as he used to feel ; the only mark of elevation he persists in is a scale of expenditure greater than his neighbors can possibly afford. He has purchased a large library of books, excellently well bound ; some in Greek, some in Latin, some in French, and others in the most ancient of modern English, in regard to which he makes no concealment. On the contrary, he invites persons of distinction to make a free use of it, and with a liberal spirit speaks of his books as if he did not care who knows he has got them. He has also sent to Paris, to Florence, to Rome, for paintings, the works of the old masters : not one has been allowed to pass his threshold, unless cracked and faded, and otherwise showing signs of decay. A few pieces of statuary mark his residence as the abode of taste and refinement ; he was gracious enough to tell me how he managed, through a friend, to buy in, at a public sale, the whole lot of pictures and statuary, at a low figure, of a nobleman ; who had squandered his fortune in the fine arts, and was reduced to the necessity of selling out to save himself from prison. I have since learned from another source, that the same nobleman sells out upon an average three times a year, and thus furnishes to travellers extraordinary chances to purchase works of merit. General and Madame Cleaver, as a matter of course, are watchful of the approaches of parvenues, and guarded against associations with persons who are not the thing ; in conversation with inferior persons, when accident or business throws such in their way, they are rather careless and distant ; but with persons of ‘position,’ they are vigilant of grammar, being conscious of the peril of singular verbs with plural nouns, as well as other misadventure among parts of speech.\* They have undergone that great change, which consists in passing out of a condition where our thoughts are necessarily directed to gathering the means of support, into a condition where the mind is at liberty to be free from the cares of gain. I think it very well to laugh at them, so often as a chance can be found, because it is so exceedingly funny that they should presume to have more money when they have smaller learning and manners than some others. A sly sarcasm, a ridiculous rehearsal of peculiarities, are probably the best, certainly the most fashionable way for literary and other characters, less successful in making money, to indemnify themselves for Cleaver’s good fortune.

For my part, I think as well of General and Madame Cleaver as when they were poor : I am willing to take as much pains to keep up the acquaintance and make it agreeable now as then ; I rather think I am as sure to see and speak to him in passing as ever I was. For aught I can see, your mother returns Madame Cleaver’s civilities with

as much good-will now as ever. We are not inclined to drop our friends, merely because their fortunes have changed ; their grammar is not worse, except from the pains taken with it, than it used to be ; Madame Cleaver's fried cakes are equally relishing, and the wit and judgment of both are thought to be better than before. There is, to be sure, a certain incrustation of style in their mode of living, that renders approach more measured and ceremonious ; but I think I have discovered that they adopt it because they do not wish to fall short of what is proper in their position ; and not with a view to be exacting of others. Indeed, I thought we were successful at Ellas-land, on a recent visit, in making the General and Madame Cleaver forget their new dignities and responsibilities and become altogether free and jolly on the worst kind of grammar. It was a pleasure to see them relax and feel easy : they promised to come again.

On the occasion of your mother's visit, she was informed that Miss Adeline Cleaver had finished her education and come home. We used to call her Lollipop ; because so stout, romping, and good-natured ; and because her face was, generally, laid off, like a map of the world, into lakes, seas, continents, and mountains, by the marks of molasses-candy. But this was before General Cleaver was understood to be rich : she has since been trained, by a quantity of hairy professors, in music, dancing, drawing, and worsted ; and finally polished off by a year in Madame Changarnier's school for young ladies. Madame Cleaver was sorry Adeline was not at home. She wanted your mother to see her ; but upon the whole, Madame Cleaver was glad Adeline was not at home, because she wished to say a few words in confidence ; she wanted to know what I think of Mr. Philemon Asbestos, commonly called Phil Fireproof, as a young man of parts ; and whether he is likely to shine in the world : not that Adeline cared any thing for him, but he comes to see her once in a while, takes her to concerts, and that sort of thing. Mrs. Cleaver had also heard of Rev. Mr. Motherwort, and hoped he would do a great deal of good ; she hoped General Cleaver might be induced to go to hear him ; for the General, although meaning to be a good man, and hoping to be a Christian, would sometimes on a sudden speak his sentiments amazingly. She also mentioned a queer woman who had come to their church the last Sabbath, and had been shown to their pew ; and looked so odd beside of Adeline, that she wondered the sexton would bring such a person there. Your mother thought from the description that the Florentine must have reappeared. Mrs. Cleaver did not suppose that such a person would be mistaken for a relation of theirs ; and consequently did not care about her having sat with them : it was, at any rate, not worth speaking of.

When your mother had finished her call, an occurrence took place the particulars of which I cannot precisely ascertain ; but the following is not far from the truth. She had seated herself in the barouche, and Commodore had closed the door, but had not taken the reins, when the driver of a passing team spoke sharply to his horses, urging them forward. Knowing himself about to start, Roane mistook the signal from the driver of the team for a command from the Commodore, and



accordingly moved off briskly ; the reins dangling and the Commodore running after him. Your mother acknowledges to have been frightened, as well she might ; but of the numerous men along the sidewalks, not one will admit that he saw any danger ; and few have spoken of it, who were not, when the crisis happened, on the point of doing something exceedingly expert and fearless, to stop the horse. But so many motions were made, and so many noises uttered, that Roane soon imagined there was danger, and took to his heels in good earnest. Coming toward him on horseback, were Miss Adeline Cleaver, Mr. Phil Asbestos, Miss Nell Blodget, and Uncas Heminway ; their horses in lively mood, and the riders sporting gay colors. Collision seemed unavoidable ; and those who since deny that there was occasion to be frightened, stood helplessly holding their breath, and paralyzed at the sight of imminence of peril. Just at the moment of fate, a young man, carrying a surveyor's instrument, his pantaloons tucked inside the legs of his boots, and wearing a rough-and-ready hat, dropped his instrument, darted to the middle of the street, fastened himself to the horse's head, and after being carried a few yards, brought Roane to a stand. It was a dangerous experiment for him, but entirely successful. The horses of the company of young folks being near, pranced and whirled at the sudden apparition. Mr. Phil Asbestos lost his stirrup and came to the ground ; Miss Adeline's horse shot by Roane, and in passing gave his heels a fling at the young man, which, unfortunately, broke the small-bone of his left leg. Miss Adeline soon had her horse under command, and, with help, dismounted. Miss Nell Blodget's horse caught his bit in his teeth and galloped down an alley ; Uncas following in gallant style, and finally, by good horsemanship and presence of mind, getting both her horse and his under control. The only person hurt was the stranger, who had no part in the matter, except as before stated.

Mr. Phil Asbestos, possibly not more than satisfied with his own part of the transaction, regretted that the stranger should have so unnecessarily rushed into danger ; for Phil himself had his eye upon the running horse, and, at the proper time, would have caught him by the bit, and saved all parties from harm. A number of gentlemen on the sidewalks at the time, gathered around the carriage, and regretted the breaking of the leg ; they knew beforehand that something would be broken ; the horse, allowed his own course, would soon have stopped of his own impulse. Uncas and Miss Nell came riding back to the group ; but whether Miss Nell had looked at him more kindly than usual, or had thanked him in words expressive of regard, is only suspected from his appearance ; his face was shining with satisfaction, and when told that a leg had been broken, he burst into a broad and hearty laugh ; as if the breaking of a leg were an excellent and funny affair. Among the male spectators, the hero of the occasion won small thanks and no praise ; but the ladies, as is common on such occasions, got up an opposition, and had him comforted. Miss Adeline's horse had done the deed ; her house was near, and thither he must go to await the surgeon. Ellas-land would have claimed the privilege of requiting his services by its hospitalities ; but it was more distant, and the ride would



be discomforting. Miss Adeline took him home as her trophy. Your mother recollected having seen him, but not knowing whether he would choose to be remembered in connection with the occasion, when she saw him did not recall his thoughts to it. Uncas, only, of the persons present, knew him as the young man who filled the situation destined for himself in Mr. Heminway's exploring party, and to that extent introduced him to the company. The young man preferred going to a hotel; but there was no hotel of the first class within a considerable distance, and the active gratitude which flowed in upon him from the ladies, would listen to nothing of the kind.

I did not hear of the affair until I reached Ellas-land, in the evening. In the morning, I called at General Cleaver's to thank James for his good conduct, and to see if I could in any manner add to his comfort. Mr. and Mrs. Blodget also called for the same purpose. General Cleaver is a man who on occasion not only shows the milk of human kindness, but the cream and butter. He had once himself won distinctions by stopping a runaway horse, and was not insensible to the honor due to an exploit so perilous. To see how James was cared for, would almost have tempted Phil Fireproof to wish his own leg had been broken. While I was sitting there the door opened, and in came Miss Adeline whom for years I had not seen.

I was a little startled and surprised to behold so great a change. She has her father's somewhat searching and lustrous blue eye; with her mother's brown hair, and fulness of figure: a shape lacking neither elegance nor luxuriance; a carriage of the head and neck bordering upon majestic; and as tidy a foot and ankle as you shall wish to see of a summer's morning:

‘BRUSHING with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.’

Her dress was the ordinary morning-dress, but had been got up with an eye to effect; and her bearing was subdued and graceful. I looked to see a romp, somewhat compressed and modified. On seeing a lady, with a presence fit to be described as distinguished, I was a little confused.

I said: ‘Miss Lol ——?’

‘Miss Lollipop,’ replied she, laughing, and helping me over my blunder.

She inquired kindly for you; and after a very few words left the room. The impression I formed of her is, that she is like Seignor Blitz's magic bottle. You recollect that this bottle produced brandy, wine, gin, or any thing demanded. Miss Adeline has no character of a decided cast, but is a rich capability; her husband, that is to be, if he have the tact, will mould her mind and draw from it very much the kind of qualities his own character may invite. To use another figure, she is like one of the fine prairies of the west, presenting to the eye a picture of bloom and cultivation, but lacking yet the plough-share of mental discipline. The seeds of moral consistency and beauty have yet to be sown. I noticed that General Cleaver's eyes rested upon and fol-

lowed her with continual freshness of delight ; and I said to myself, she is a sort of Ella to the General.

Before I left, Father Green came in, between whom and James the greeting was very cordial.

James said the accident was just in time, and perhaps fortunate.

Father Green wanted to know his meaning.

James looked at me, as if doubtful whether to explain himself in my presence, and I rose to go ; but Father Green said he wished to see me, and signified to James that he might talk freely.

James said the exploring company had returned to town the evening before the accident, and at the time it happened he was returning from a surveying excursion of a few hours, to determine a question which had arisen since their return. They had found a new route, cheaper than the first, which relieved Mr. Blodget of the *dépôt*, and would bring it upon ground belonging to Mr. Heminway. Mr. Heminway had invited James to his house, and treated him with kindness and confidence. James said he had commenced this business in order to break up the habit of gambling, when——

‘When, in fact,’ interrupted Father Green, ‘it is only a different game, played with different cards.’

‘Or, perhaps,’ added James, ‘with loaded dice.’

‘It may not turn out to be so hard as you imagine,’ said Father Green ; ‘but let us hear about it.’

Mr. Heminway commenced, James proceeded to state, by saying I was a man of the world, and could be of great service to him. The fact is, said he, Blodget is a dunce ; he had no need to run against me ; but judging me by himself, he supposed I intended to speculate, as perhaps I should, but it’s not in my line of speculation ; then he run the road through my farms, which he might have avoided. Now, I’ll show him a thing or two. The new route brings the speculation to me ; and as in the beginning, I did not look for it, I can afford to scatter the profits to gain the victory. You see Blodget is always at work at these things, and therefore keeps nursing public opinion : it is his line of business. But I operate in land, and titles do not depend on public opinion. I am behind-hand, and must make up for it. It will not look well for me to change my habits suddenly ; and you must help me. You must explain, in strict confidence, to some body, who will carry it to the newspapers, the advantages of the new route. At first, I shall play low, and put down a two-spot ; I will send a donation to the Orphans’ Asylum ; then the Widows’ Home must have a lift ; and, when I have drawn out Blodget’s honors, I will trump them with a colporteur or two. If the worst comes to the worst, I’ll endow an institution : I’m not to be balked, James : if necessary, I’m determined to endow an institution. While Mr. Heminway was explaining his plans, said James, there came in a preacher, who introduced himself as Rev. Mr. Motherwort. Mr. Heminway received him with deference and smooth politeness. Mr. Motherwort said he had come in the name of the LORD.

‘Indeed !’ said Mr. Heminway. ‘I am happy to have the honor to make you welcome.’

‘I have come,’ said Mr. Motherwort, ‘to invite your attention to a

subject of great importance to the community. You are doubtless aware that your influence in this community is very great : and the means of doing good at your disposal are almost unlimited. There is a chance to lay up for yourself great store of happiness, and to do a vast amount of good.'

Here, James said, he discovered in Mr. Heminway's eyes a kind of suppressed gleam of impatience ; but it passed away, and he replied to Mr. Motherwort :

'This is a curious subject, Mr. Motherwort, this doing good. I have often thought of it, and it bothers me. It's expensive ; but that I don't care much about. Once in a while I get a glimpse from the looking-glass, and the hairs are changing color rapidly. The other day, I said to myself : Here you are, old fellow, rich enough it is true ; but what is the advantage ? Heminway, said I, it is not certain that you amount to much, any how. What are you going to do with yourself ? In a short time, said I, you'll be a done-over individual. It will be said of you, in the language of Gray's Elegy, or some poet, I forget which :

'OLD GRIMES is dead ! that good old man,  
We ne'er shall see him more ;  
He used to wear a long blue coat,  
All buttoned down before.'

'Yes, Mr. Motherwort, that's the end of us ! Now, said I to myself, Heminway, you'd better be up and doing ; or to use the language of Dr. Franklin, to express the same idea, 'Go it while you're young.' But what shall it be ? I thought I would encourage meritorious young men. I thought I would sort of gather 'em about me, and pat them on the head, and help educate them ; help to train up the young idea in the way it should shoot, and then let it slide. Perhaps, said I to myself, it may be said of me : He was a friend of youth, and an encourager and helper of merit. Well ! I tried a number of meritorious young men, and they were confounded bores. A real scamp, who kicks up a flurry now and then, and raises the Old Harry, more or less, one who has juice in him, I can get along with ; but your meritorious young men I can't endure. Well ! That project has gone the way of all flesh. I dismissed it with the doxology :

'OFF as by winding Nith, I musing wait  
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn ;  
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,  
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.'

Then, what should I do next ? I thought, perhaps, I could n't do better than to live quietly, in the dissemination of charity and good old rye whiskey. What more can I do, Mr. Motherwort ?

James related this with animation, and said it was spoken so rapidly, and in so much apparent earnest, that Mr. Motherwort had no opportunity to interrupt. But at the above point, Mr. Motherwort's pent-up indignation broke forth :

'That's it ! That's the very thing !'

'I thought so,' said Mr. Heminway. 'It gives me more comfort than

any thing else. I'm glad to hear you say so : there's nothing more fills and warms my soul, than the approbation of good men !'

Mr. Motherwort was obliged to break in again :

'I—I—I—hear me a moment ! I did n't mean what you think, Mr. Heminway. I came to talk with you about that very thing ; about whiskey ; but God forbid that I should approve the use of it ! Never ! no, never !'

Mr. Heminway, James says, was the picture of surprise and astonishment.

'Object,' says he, 'to whiskey ? to good old rye ; a pure article ; and you a minister of the Gospel ?'

Mr. Motherwort, equally astonished and thrown off his balance, exclaimed :

'I declare it to be immoral, unhealthy ; it is poison. I denounce it. In the name of morality I protest against being understood to assent to such astonishing and gross misapprehensions of my objects !'

At this point, James says, the dialogue became very loud and exciting, and but for its grotesqueness he would have left them. Mr. Heminway continued :

'Poison ? Immoral ? Unhealthy ? Thar's a mistake, Sir, somewhere. It operates to tan and toughen the coatings of the stomach, and renders man as near immortal as he's capable of. As to its morality, Sir, and its social barings, listen and I will a tale unfold. When my daughter Fidele was married, now ten years gone, we had a rouser of a wedding. It seemed but a month or two since she had been trotting on my knee and playing with rattles. Jehu ! how time flies. True enough, I wanted her to marry, but not yet ; she was my plaything. When I looked at her in the morning at the breakfast-table, it seemed to straiten out the wrinkles on my face ; when I went home at night, her arms round my neck drove away the blues. Noble Fidele ! Flowers grow over her now : grass and flowers ; and birds sing on branches over the spot. Well, Sir, Fidele was to be married. I could n't help it ; nature must have her way. The only objection I had to her lover was, that the rascal fugged her away from me too soon. That's what we get, Sir, by raising children ! I was glad she had a lover, and glad he was a clever fellow, and I felt a kind of joy in it ; but her mother and I had some crying over it, all to ourselves. We opened up the old mansion, and gathered in our friends ; lighted up lights, struck up music, made the tables heavy with good things, and made all manner of signals for happiness ; but it would n't come. Thar was a load on my heart. Fidele was going away ; it was the last of Fidele for us. It happened that a number of my old neighbors gathered about me, and shook hands and congratulated me on my happiness. I could 'nt stand it well. Something kept rising in my throat. Says I, at length, I'm sure it's not so *very* happy, after all ; and looking round, I saw they all took. Now said I, Mother, just you let us have the north-west room to ourselves. Let the young folks dance and frolic here. So I took a lot of old codgers, like myself, into the north-west room, and ordered up a quantity of old rye. The door of that room opens into the lower hall, and the lower hall opens out upon the grass-plat under the peach-trees.

It was a warm August evening, and the doors all open. After drinking a few times round, we agreed upon the following rules. Man, said I, was made to mourn : and I made a little speech, quoting Young's Night Thoughts :

'As youth and love with sprightly dance,  
Beneath thy morning-star advance,  
Pleasure with her siren air,  
May delude the thoughtless pair ;  
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,  
Then raptured sip, and sip it up.'

We agreed that at each drink each man would place himself at the back-side of the room, exactly opposite the door. If he could rise and pass out through the door without touching either side, he was to come back and drink again ; but if he touched, in passing out, he was finished. He was to be the best man who could pass out the greater number of times without touching. Well, Sir, the next morning at daylight we were all on the grass under the peach-trees.'

'Which of them,' inquired Mr. Motherwort, 'passed out the greater number of times without hitting ?'

'That I do n't know,' said Mr. Heminway ; 'it was n't me ! Now, Sir, we do n't have such social pleasures any more. Pure liquor is hard to be got. Society is going backwards. I went to a wedding the other night, and it was as sober as a camp-meeting ; thar was no liquor, nor even a pack of cards. I can't help thinking the children which spring from such weddings will be thin-blooded.'

James says, at this point of the interview Mr. Motherwort apparently gave it up as a failure, and was about to leave ; but James, under the impression that Mr. Heminway had forgotten his plan of making himself popular, made an allusion to the conversation of the morning, which recalled his mind to it. Mr. Heminway then said to Mr. Motherwort, the subject of temperance was one that struck a pretty hard blow at his prejudices ; but he would be glad to see him again and talk it over more fully ; he hoped Mr. Motherwort would call again ; he had seen a tract, which was powerfully written, and he would be glad to converse with a man of talent.

Mr. Motherwort left more softened and encouraged than he would have been but for Mr. Heminway's recollection of his own plans ; and James thought, by reminding him, he had done a benevolent act ; because, at least, one person had been better pleased than if it had been omitted, and that person the Rev. Mr. Motherwort. But James went on to say that Mr. Heminway apparently counted upon him to help him forward with his overtures for winning public favor, and his accident had perhaps been fortunate, in extricating him, without offence, from an agency which he did not think Father Green would commend.

Father Green replied, that Mr. Heminway was an illustration of the old maxim : 'Barking dogs seldom bite.' Mr. Heminway was in the habit of saying a variety of things he never intended to perform, and derived gratification from being able to create surprise.

After Father Green and I left James, as we did, together, we concurred in the idea that James must be removed. For General Cleaver to take James to his house, Father Green said, was like taking a lighted

torch to a powder-magazine. He did not know enough about James to recommend him to the friendship of young ladies and families. It was finally determined to take James to Nathan's, and put him under the care of Emily and of Father Green himself.

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L O N G F E L L O W ' S   B I R T H - D A Y .

Do you ask me, college-student,  
Poring o'er historic annals,  
What event this day recordeth,  
In the past, or in the present,  
Lifting it above its fellows,  
Making its remembrance famous?  
Was it battle or invention,  
Confiscation, revolution,  
Birth of king, or death of hero?  
None of these, my bright-eyed student,  
Something better — something dearer.

Take your seat upon the rail-road,  
Notwithstanding all the snow-drifts,  
Christmas snow-drifts, still unmelted,  
Which have held unwilling travellers  
All night long in bands Circean:  
Take your seat within the rail-train  
Notwithstanding all the hindrance,  
All the peril and disaster  
That the people have encountered  
In this tightest of all winters;  
Winter that hath conquered steam-craft,  
Kept the lecturer from his audience,  
Grinding their impatient boot-heels,  
Chafing, hoarse with disappointment;  
Split the water-pipes and cisterns,  
Plagued the house-maids and the brake-men,  
Maimed the iron-steed and rider;  
Iciest winter, most unyielding  
That our oldest man remembers —  
Man of ninety years remembers:  
Boldly climb into the rail-car,  
Having promptly paid your ticket,  
Shut your mouth and travel onward,  
Onward to the north of Boston,  
Where the Casco's silvery water  
Weddeth nobly with the Ocean.

Ask your question there of Casco,  
And if that fair bay reply not,  
Onward press, and ask the mountains,  
Guarding with reflective foreheads  
Maine, our most north-eastern sister.

Ask them, and from breezy tree-tops,  
Groves of oak, and pine, and hemlock,  
Where the axe-men get their timber —  
Timber, that in ships and schooners,  
Goes to visit all creation:

Murmuring through those breezy tree-tops,  
Will the solemn mountains answer:

'He whom ancient Harvard loveth,  
He whom gray-haired Europe honors,  
He who struck the lyre of ORPHEUS,  
Bowed the stiff-backed Runic legends  
And the lore of many nations  
To our Anglo-Saxon metre;  
Sang the Skeleton in Armor,  
Snatched the Norsemen's mystic tower  
On the pleasant isle of Newport,  
From the winnowing of the wind-mill,  
Slander of the cotton-spinners;  
Sang EVANGELINE the tender,  
HIAWATHA, HIAWATHA —  
On this day was born among us,  
Dawned like tuneful star upon us.'

They will answer, they will tell you:  
'He's our own, and we'll maintain it,  
Will not leave the matter doubtful,  
Like the seven bewildered cities,  
Sparring after sightless HOMER;  
No. We'll fight, if it be needful,  
Challenge every crested hill-top,  
That would rival our pretensions;  
Dare New-Hampshire's white-capped lordlings,  
Dare Vermont's green knights in armor;  
We will fight with Tom and Greylock,  
Old Wachusett, old Monadnock —  
Even the princely Alleghanies,  
Even the towering chiefs of Mexic,  
Cordilleras, Cotopaxi,  
Popocatepetel also;  
If they bar our just pretensions,  
We will fight with swords and lances,  
Splintered from our granite boulders,  
Fight with rifles and revolvers,  
Forged within our rocky bosoms  
By the smouldering fires we wot of.  
Down we throw our glove, engaging  
Thus to deal with all opponents,  
Till they own, subdued and lowly,  
He is ours, and cry, Peccavi!'

Then they bent their heads together,  
And I heard those mountains counting  
Busy as at banker's table,  
Warily like board of brokers:

'Seven times seven — yes, that's his number,  
Number of the years he's measured,  
Three times nine of February,  
That's the day he came among us,  
Dawned like tuneful star upon us;  
Don't forget the date or number,  
Write them on your peaks with lightning,  
Don't omit to buy his portrait,  
Fold the rainbow round the figures,  
Round the figures and the portrait,  
Keep them as a joy for ever.'

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

*Hartford, (Conn.) Feb. 27th, 1856.*



## THE HISTORY OF CAPTAIN SAMPSON STRONGBOW

## CHAPTER THIRD.

## THE LION AND UNICORN IN EXECUTIVE SESSION.

FROM the debate in the Upper House which was reported in the last chapter of this history, the reader will have surmised that certain Messieurs Lion and Unicorn were personages of some little note at the spacious mansion Bullscrown. If the well-born reader, who just now stood gazing into the peaceful and moon-lit bed-chamber where our noble earl and his family lay folded in such happy slumbers as PROVIDENCE with suitable discrimination bestows only upon the nobility and gentry, will take hold of the historian's coat-tails and follow him as he gropes his way through the dark passage which leads to the back-stairway, then down the latter into the culinary or torrid zone of the mansion, then across the kitchen and through the servants' hall, he will see at the end of a narrow passage off the hall a door with a long glass window above it. This is the entrance to the butler's cozy quarters. And here, at this late hour of the night, when the very rats are rubbing their eyes from drowsiness, a light is still burning and tobacco is still fumigating in the bowls of long clay-pipes. Standing on chairs we can look through the pane above the door, and quite at our ease make a few notes of the cut and conversation of the persons who have such important business on hand that the day-light hours are not sufficient. There are two of them. Yonder big-bellied, red-nosed man, with a flagon of ale at his elbow and coils of tobacco-smoke settling affectionately upon his head, is honest Joe Unicorn, butler to his mightiness the earl. That is enough to say of him for the present. But the guest on the other side of the table we cannot fix on our historic canvas with a single dash of the brush. For the thousand and one ordinary patriots, heroes, and jail-birds of this grand historical panorama, the historian has provided himself with a basket of postage-stamps, which, as occasion requires, he sticks on the canvas, and appends the toga or the gallows-robe, the laurel or the halter, according to the necessities of the moment, thus saving both his time and his money. But here our ingenious device will not serve us. This is a gentleman of the most respectable, indeed of rather elegant, perhaps somewhat exquisite, dress and demeanor. He has handsome legs, admirable for ball-room purposes, terminating in small, neatly-dressed feet, but his breast is broad and deep, and his head is very large and covered with an immense bush of hair, which is thrown back from his forehead, and falls in leonine masses on his shoulders. His beard is ample and lordly. It well becomes the firm jaw, the large mouth, the broad, strongly-carved brow and nose. The eyes are deep and watchful, and when the mouth is closed, with that half-savage grimness of expression, it might be said there was something uncomfortable in their glare, which the close observer might detect. But now,

when the red-nosed host with his lively converse has evidently pleased him of the heavy mane, the mouth relaxes into the charmingest of smiles, displaying teeth of the whitest ivory, and lighting up the countenance with so gracious an expression that we instantly acknowledge our physiognomy at fault, and tender at once historical civilities to so prepossessing a gentleman. Surely this Mr. Henry Charles William Augustus Lion is as distinguished a personage, so far as externals are concerned, as one would meet in the genteelest society, and we may be certain it was some arrangement of fortune about which he himself was not consulted in advance, that placed him here at Bullscrown in the subordinate capacity of steward to the earl's estates. People professed to hold divers opinions about the merits and demerits of Mr. L., but as he knew very well how to keep his own secrets, the public comments ranged as widely as they do concerning the late Nicholas Romanoff of St. Petersburg.

By listening, however, to the conversation of Mr. Lion and his friend honest Joe over their pipes and ale at this hour of the night, when secrets, like mice, may venture out of their holes, we may get some insight into the plans of this incommunicative gentleman; perhaps may even obtain revelations as astonishing as the European correspondents of the N-w-Y—k press sometimes favor the public with, concerning the policy of their particular friend the Emperor of the French.

'Now, my worthy Sir,' said jovial Joe, 'excuse me if I say that you unreasonably distrust your own talent. If you can't play as good a game as any of those chaps t' other side of the ditch, then I'm more mistaken in my opinion about the number of guns you carry than I often am on questions where the human mind is up for consideration. Look you: there's Quivretoes — there's Thumbscrew, both of 'em once stewards like you; and what did they do, and they without brains enough between them to fill a pint-mug? Why, they each managed to trip up the old 'un just like any superannuated scare-crow pensioned off from duty in the corn-fields ten years ago, and slipped his own feet in the noble boots as smooth as a whistle. An't you as sharp as the Marquis? An't you as cool a blade as the Don? Excuse me, Leo, but your modesty keeps you under.'

'But Joey,' Mr. Henry Augustus responded, 'you do not consider that those gentlemen did not have such an intractable, venomous tenantry to manage as I would surely find in my way. I might easily enough contrive to 'trip up the old 'un,' as you express it, but it would only bring the whole rabble upon me like a herd of wolves. There the difficulty lies. The earl's people have become so outrageous from long license, that I take my life in my hand daily when I go among them.'

'Why, my king of beasts,' returned valorous Joe, 'what old granny has been telling you pokerish stories to-night? Who ever before saw the regent of the woods turn tail to a mob of hedge-hogs? Here's a transmogrification such as no man ever heard of before; they've caught a cub of the royal lion in the desert and brought him up in a sheep-yard, and lo and behold! when he has grown big as a bull, and ought to make men and animals quake with his roaring, he opens his mouth and says *baa*.'

'Joey,' said the other, 'you vastly under-rate the odds against me. When the beer is good and the tobacco strong you are very apt to think that you are Jupiter, and can cut giants in two with your pipe-stem. But I can tell you the work you have laid out for me needs a more substantial Jupiter than can be made for a shilling. It is full of hazard that a bold man might well hesitate to meet; and in event of failure, what a fate will it be to be torn in pieces by a herd of wild boars.'

'Ha! ha! Leo,' said dauntless Joe; 'there are more ways than one of managing those swine when the time for it comes. Trust me, we shall see the day when the entire drove will greet you with such loyal squealing that the man in the moon will have to stop his ears. I don't say that you are to carry the thing through with a high hand, for I admit that at present the job would be rather expensive. But take a lesson once more from your namesake of the deserts. We will suppose he has in his mind a particularly fat ox in the farmer's herd, which he would like for his own larder. Now how does *he* lay his pipes? Does he march out of the woods in broad day with his tail in the air, and proclaim to the whole township, '*Boo-woo-woo! I'm that awful great big diabolical old male lion as eat up the peddler and his horse day before yesterday, and I'm HUNGRY!*' Egad, not he. You will see him leave his lodgings about dusk, quietly remarking to Mrs. L. that he engaged to meet a party with whom he had business at 8.30 P.M., and will be at home early. Then you will see him stealing warily into Friend Jackson's inclosures, skulking along on his belly if necessary, and before any body is apprised what the order of exercises is to be, he takes ox by the nape of the neck, flings him on his back, and canters off to Mrs. L. and the cubs. How smoothly the thing is done! no uproar, no scuffling, no scampering of the young cattle, no profanity on the part of the old guardian bull, no outrages committed by Friend Jackson's blunderbuss, nothing disagreeable or ungentlemanly about the whole transaction. How easy, now, Harry, for you by a little finessing, to carry off the prize. To tell the truth, it seems to me particularly chicken-hearted to show the white feather when certain things are certain things. Eh, Harry?'

'Ah!' said Mr. Henry Augustus, as a gleam of intelligence shot from his eyes, and the white teeth came in view; 'you mean — ah — so-and-so —'

'Exactly: ha! you irresistible dog, I could see it to-day plain as the nose on your face. Come, Leo, confess to me 't is as I have told you, eh?'

'Well, Joey,' the steward said; 'perhaps I have indulged myself with unwarrantable surmises; but I do confess to you what I have never hinted to a living soul, that I have sometimes ventured to think that had fortune placed me in a more exalted sphere of life, the lady you have alluded to might possibly have regarded me with sentiments which no nobleman in Christendom could perceive to exist without the most exalted satisfaction.'

'Who can doubt it?' said Master Unicorn; 'and when one considers the matter, what is there in the least strange about it? Here, Leo, the case is in short this. You are by nature a gentleman.'

Fortune, who is our legal guardian, (and a mighty corrupt old fox, too,) scandalously bestowed your heritage on some of her own ill-born pets, and put you off with a stewardship here at Bullscrown. But notwithstanding that, the mark put upon you in Nature's stamp-office can't be rubbed out. There you sit, as plainly a gentleman as any peer in the world—a great deal more so than some I could name that are now snoring under pictorial bed-quilts. Wrap you up in a beggar-woman's cloak, and the very curs would recognize the ten-pound stamp on your brow and refuse to bark at you. But old Beef—Earl they call him—what is he? A clown, a boor in his begetting, birth, and breeding, with no more gentlemanly blood in him than a hog. All the coronets you can pile on his head can't hide the two-penny stamp the clerk hastily stuck on his forehead ere he shoved him aside in disgust. Call him, then, for the sake of the argument, a hog, and it's more truth than poetry. What is Madam Bess? Why, a high-bred, delicate, and dainty roe. Now, my dear Sir, behold the high-bred and silver-hoofed roe married by compulsion of her parents to a gross, cross-grained, low-minded wild boar, that holds by means of his tusk the fee-simple of a thicket and patch of wild plum-trees, and a slough to wallow in during dog-days, and by virtue of this estate has got himself enrolled in the peerage of the forest with the lordly elephant and the knightly leopard. What doom awaits the tender bride but sickness of heart, deathly mortification of the whole spirit? Let now the royal-blooded lion appear on the scene. What though he comes in adverse circumstances, defeated, an exile, and for a time consents, disgusting and base employment though it is, to enter the service of the wild boar, and patrols his plum-orchard, and snaps off the tails of vulgar pigs that trespass on the grunting baron's park. Can it be doubted that my lady-deer, by the sympathy that lurks in noble veins, would soon discern the royal quality of the bailiff, and grieve that the high-born exile was not her mate instead of the disgusting forest swine? Hey?'

'Powerful reasoner!' ejaculated the steward.

'Well, then,' the butler proceeded; 'in like manner the Lady Elizabeth, a peeress by birth and nature, matched to one that is only noble by virtue of certain square inches of sealing-wax plastered on sheepskin, is it to be supposed that she, when a man of fine spirit and princely demeanor is daily under her eye—a man that would dignify any coronet or cocked hat in the world, will be insensible to his presence, even though he wears not the robes of nobility, and is barred by the roguery of Fortune from the place for which Nature appointed him?'

'Upon my word, Doctor Unicorn,' the steward said, 'give you a place to stand, and you can move a world with your logic. But in sober earnest there is much that is right in your ideas. I hold it to be a truth underlying all sound religion, that some men come from the hands of their MAKER of high nature, disdainful of low occupations, ordained to command, while others are of a commoner grain, constituted for obedience; and when the latter by any means become possessed of authority above the former, the divine law is so openly outraged, that the natural order of things should be restored the quickest way possible, and that without being very particular about the means. Consider, as

you say, the person who has been invested, by some freak of Fortune, with the titles and properties of the house of Beef. His very figure and deportment show what *he* is. Mark his coarse, brawny limbs, his huge back, the very model for a boatswain. Observe his unbecoming ways of guzzling malt liquor at the public house with vulgar individuals; his general low habits and promiscuous avocations. When he walks, does his bearing proclaim the patrician? No; it might well be some half-tamed savage blundering along in civilized garments, without any of that air, that Byzantine port and carriage which is the true certificate of nobility.'

'Yes, by the great Tom, Leo, it might be some monstrous, ungainly hippopotamus, with the boar's appetite for swill, the ass's lust for thistles, the hyena's judgment of cookery, the wild bull's conception of the fine arts. I saw him this morning come bellowing out of the breakfast-room like some unnamable Behemoth, and I wondered then in what freak Nature made him. Egad, I believe she had just been kneading a batch of bulls of Bashan, and in a whimsical moment put a roll of the dough in one of her tins for baking white folks, and let it go in the oven with the rest; then christened the monster that came of the experiment John, and turned him out among the briers of Bullscrown, where, contrary to expectation, he contrived to live, and even persuaded the aborigines that he was a human being. Now, after contemplating this practical joke, I look at you, and observe at once that Nature moulded you with infinite pains. Here, in the first place, is a straight and elegantly-formed leg, differing from his as the limb of the blooded Arabian steed differs from that of the dray-horse, and that too is becomingly incased in fine cloth, instead of coarse, abominably-fitting breeches, and terminating not in an immense dumpling inserted in a leathern cavern, but in a well-shaped foot, indicating in itself a most choice pedigree. Next I look at your body, and see that is not a clumsy frame of bones lashed together with the thews of a buffalo, a mass of mere animal strength and stomach, but a gracious and princely one, and at the same time abounding in manly vigor. The head, too, is not round and solid like a cannon-ball, which may be a suitable arrangement for men that thump each other's crowns with pewter-mugs, and delight in such deeds of chivalry as that, but it is the very figure-head of a monarch, indicating sagacity, valor, eloquence, piety, munificence, justice, and every thing else that was forgotten when our noble earl up-stairs was on the stocks. Now, my Lion, when I see these things, how can it be otherwise than clear to me that Fortune once on a time was boozy or cross, and dropped on the mug of our friend John the coronet that was made on purpose for you?'

It might be thought that honest Joe would be regarded by his friend as drawing it rather strong in his comments on the excellencies of the latter; but the truth was, Mr. Henry Augustus had a vast capacity for compliments, and it required a pump that could throw several gallons per minute more than the Unicorn apparatus, to flood Mr. Lion's organ of self-esteem.

'Joseph,' he replied warmly; 'you are an honest, blunt, plain-spoken fellow, with a head as clear as your hand is true and your heart sound.

A certain Gothic rudeness of phrase and illustration might offend courtiers and grammarians, but I have no such squeamishness. I am satisfied to take you as you are.'

'Yes, Leo,' cried Joe, 'If any body expects to find bully Joe Unicorn transmogrified into a professor of genteel conversation, he will wait till the world gets tolerably gray. If folks are n't fond of bears, let 'em go where bears an't. There an't much besides bear in a bear, and so I do n't have much hope of myself. Old Beef and I were probably turned out of the same shop; and when he becomes the glass of fashion, doubtless I'll be the mould of form, but I do n't look for it any earlier. Harry, I saw you and the earl walking together this morning, and I said: 'Suppose some stranger should set eyes on that pair, and which would he name for a peer of the realm? Would n't he swear that my Lord was some rascal of a burglar, with a crow in his breast-pocket and a set of spoons hid in his sleeve? He would convict him on indictment by his own countenance in a minute.' Afterward you two went across the green. Did you then bate a jot of that dignity which Cæsar wore when he went to buy mackerel of the fish-wives as well as when he ordered a bill to a third reading in the Senate? Did you by low familiar joking with the rabble agree to the doctrine that men are but a pouch of buck-shot, all poured out of one spoon into the same mould?'

'I trust not, Mr. Unicorn,' the steward said; 'I trust that I have too high a sense of the duties of men born to exercise rule, to forget at any time, and especially at such times, that Byzantine port which ought always to distinguish such.'

'Ha!' quoth Joey; 'is it according to Byzantium to drink butter-milk in a ditcher's cottage? By the great Tom, Leo, I declare to you that I saw friend Behemoth yesterday morning drinking buttermilk in Tom Clod's hut, and anon he came out with a ragged brat on his shoulder; and may I die if he did not tramp a good league with his fishing-rod, and the little scoundrel straddling his back and clutching his hair with both hands.'

'Mr. Unicorn, you appal me. 'Tis astounding to see to what a pass things have come on this estate. The tenantry have been pampered, trifled with, humored, till all distinctions are lost, all decencies disregarded, and a full half of the revenue suffered to fall in abeyance. There was a time when the steward might lash the villains, might hang them if he chose: but 't is so longer. The earl is no longer a lord, nor is the steward his minister and confidential friend. The peer in his descent drags the servant with him, and I am a mere butt for the populace.'

'Yes,' the butler said, 'it is a cursed disgrace. I would as soon be bottle-washer to a blackamoor cook as be a member of the cabinet at Bullscrown, with a horde of boors to stick their elbows in my ribs whenever they please. But so it is. The other day the coachman upset a red-headed boy with the hub of a wheel. Great guns! there was such a rumpus on the premises as soon as the rabble got wind of the accident, that a bee-hive with a monkey in it would be a place of celestial quiet in comparison. If you were to tie up an idle churl and give



him summarily a dozen on the brawn with a cart-whip, the whole estate would be in a buzz as if you had sold their babies to the King of Morocco. Oh gad! it makes me sick as a bull-frog to see such performances, I'll offer a thousand guineas, payable at my office on demand, to any man that will find in all the history of mankind from the beginning down to the last tick of the clock, any thing like them. And I tell you squarely, Leo, that it lies at your door to take the sick man by the nose and force the necessary physic down his throat.

'Mr. Unicorn,' the steward said, 'I need make to you no secret of my desires, for I know you can be trusted, it being no less your duty than it is mine, and no less our duty than our interest to accomplish what I wish. It is my ambition to bring this estate back to the point from which it has lapsed, and to fix it there: and how can this be done without summary measures? If my Lord Beef outrages heaven by insane use or disuse of the powers granted him, another should receive the talent he rolls up in a napkin. I desire not his blood. I covet not his wealth: but let the lunatic live in ward with his keeper. The committee will gather up his wasted property, and discipline the scoundrel tenants that have so long taken advantage of the landlord's lunacy.'

'Ha! ha!' cried playful Joe; 'Most excellent!' The lunatic being once well laced in his strait-jacket, we shall get on famously. Power for Lion; pelf for Unicorn; raw-hides for John — ha! ha!'

#### T H E T H R E E W I S H E S .

'You've saved my life,' the master said,  
'At risk of yours, my faithful NED;  
And that a service so immense  
May fail not of such recompense  
As lies in human means to make,  
(Would mine were god-like, for your sake! )  
Three dearest wishes straight unfold,  
Each shall be granted soon as told.'

'Well den,' grinned NED with ivory show,  
'Since massa please to hab it so,  
My firs' s'al be for — for — e'yah!  
As much good old peach-brandy, sah,  
As dis 'ere darkie an' his wife  
Can jubilate in all deir life.  
De nex' — Virginia weed enough  
For me to smoke an' her to snuff,  
Till life's las' mile-stone s'al be past.'  
'It shall be so, NED — now the last!'  
'De las' — hem — gorry! let me see —  
W'at s'al it in partic'lar be?  
Oh! now I hab him — chee, e'yah!  
A *leettle* more peach-brandy, sah!'

W. F. D.



## T H E L I L Y .

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

A POOL, as gloomy and dark and still  
As the river of death, lies under the hill:  
Rocks are above and rocks below,  
White with the last of the winter's snow:  
And the trees that rise in the lifeless air  
Are old and jagged and wholly bare.

The hill is barren and bleak and cold:  
Its last year's herbage is dead and sere:  
Far underneath the frozen mould  
Oozes the spring to its outlet here.  
Laying my cheek to the silent earth,  
I seem to hear in the depths below,  
The troublous murmurings of its birth —  
The ebb and pulse of its onward flow.

The violet blue, and the daisy dear,  
Could never bloom in this lonely place;  
Yet the Spirit of Beauty has lingered here,  
And left a token of splendid grace.  
For, floating upon that icy bed,  
Embosomed among those rocks of snow,  
A stately Lily uprears its head,  
And mirrors itself in the wave below.

Every breath that the zephyrs send,  
From blooming valley to barren hill,  
Makes the Lily tremble and bend,  
Swaying about, when the fount is still.  
Lonely beauty, and lonely grace,  
Born of a wave as black as night:  
Is it the Lily's fitting place,  
Where Nature pines with an early blight?

The loveliest slaves of Eastern lands  
Are shrined and curtained from roving eyes:  
In the loneliest waste of the desert sands,  
Some flower blooms only to God, and dies:  
And if, in my dream of the Lily fair,  
I guard the beauty my eyes have won,  
I read the lesson its white leaves bear,  
And know its mission is nobly done.

O thou, who wouldst gaze in those waters dark,  
And touch the Lily, with tainted hand,  
Go, loosen thy sails and trim thy bark:  
The flower and wave are in Fancy Land:  
They are but types of our daily life;  
Of the daily blessings and trials given:  
The magical pool is the inner life;  
The Lily, the thoughts that turn to heaven.

*New-York, Feb. 20th, 1856.*

## THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF BILL MONEY DOLLARS.

BY KIT KELVIN.

IM PRIMIS.

THE auto-biography of Bill Money Dollars is a simple tale, written in simple style, teaching simple humanity. It is a simple thing to read it, and it is a very simple thing to forget it.

There was once a simple physician, who gave simple prescriptions, and effected simple, though radical cures. He was not fêted by the great with deviled partridges, nor was his palate tickled with Chablis; but he simply desired the 'Devil to have his due.' It is some time since he 'departed this life,' but a simple head-stone reads simply thus:

'ADMIRÉ for his modesty,  
Mourned for his worth.'

Reader, if you will listen, I will read to you, simply: but you must bear in mind,

'THE earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them.'

A PLEASANT face ornamented with a pair of spectacles, a head slightly bald, and a rotundity of person only visible among easy good-livers; a cheerful, jocose, orbicular-bodied gentleman, held me subject to order. He had been cashier for many years, and presided over a tastefully-furnished room, a massive vault, and several ponderous tomes, wherein were a multiplicity of figures — a bank and all its appurtenances. The door opened upon a pretty village street, lined with ancient elms, graceful in foliage, and inviting to the dweller and stranger. It was in the month of June: the air was loaded with the fresh fragrance of budding blossoms, and the plumed birds, drunk with joy, caroled dulcet notes, until the stillness broke again with the pleasing melody.

Fair to look upon, with a rich complexion, Pleasant Face smiled upon me as he pronounced the word 'good,' and, with a sigh which savored of a desire to possess, I was secured with many others by a band that Samson would have broken more easily than the withes of the Philistines. The light closed from me: I fain would have implored freedom, and danced merrily and high into the beautiful world, but I could not.

'Cashier! please change this bill?' 'Certainly; but I have no silver; give you bills. Have you seen the new issue?' and forthwith I was presented. The stranger took me and eyed me carefully. 'Very well done and very pretty — hard to counterfeit — Rawdon, Wright, and Hatch, eh? By-the-way, I received a letter from Tom yesterday.' 'Did you?' 'He says he is doing well, and shall leave the mines in about a

month.' 'Lucky dog!' said Pleasant Face, 'and here we are grubbing on.' The drawer closed upon me. 'What a queer existence is this,' I thought. 'Money is my name. What does it mean?'

'Good morning, Cashier!' 'How do you *do*?' was the response, placing a surprised, pleased accent upon the last word. It was his way, the manner of Pleasant Face.

'You have plenty of money, I suppose, and my credit is good, eh? Want it to-day, badly; going to buy cattle.' 'Well, you are clever and pleasant; how much do you want?' 'Oh! five hundred will do.' 'Large bills, Mr. Thrivewell?' 'Well, give me one hundred small, the rest large, if you please.'

I was upon the counter. 'Hallo! new money!' 'Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. Yes! One hundred small, I believe?' 'So, so.' 'Twenty-five, thirty-five, forty, (fine day, Sir!) forty-five, fifty.' 'Yes, things look charming this morning.' 'Fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. One, two, three, four,' recapitulated Pleasant Face, as he removed a pencil from his ear, and noted it upon his blotter, 'and new money at that.' 'Well, it will slip easier; 't wont stay put long.' Mr. Thrivewell was a large man with a red face and coarse voice, dressed in a gray suit, and wore an easy manner. Taking from the inside pocket of his coat a large wallet, he packed me away, and after a few more words with Pleasant Face, I heard him say, 'Good-day; come, get up, Charley!' and a rumbling noise startled me, for I felt conspicuous of being in motion. 'Well, this is a queer existence. Pleasant Face has given me away,' I soliloquized.

Mr. Thrivewell drove on, humming several tunes, of which I now know, were, 'Cheer up, my lively Lads,' and 'Yankee Doodle.' He made a funny noise from his mouth; and between the two, and 'Get up, Charley!' I got quite tired with the rapid jostling. But it suddenly ceased, by a queer exclamation from Mr. Thrivewell. 'Whoa! Never mind taking him to the stable; just bring some water here. Sha n't stop long.' I came to light among new faces and a smoky atmosphere, loud words and hearty laughs. 'Good morning, gentlemen,' exclaimed Mr. Thrivewell. 'Do you know whether Jabe Williams has got his lot of cattle yet?' 'Want to buy?' 'Why, yes, if I can git 'em reasonable.' 'Well, I was up there yesterday,' exclaimed a voice; 'saw Jabe, but he did n't say nothing about his critturs; suppose — do n't believe he's sold them.' 'No, no, sold 'em, no!' broke in a gruff voice. 'He's too steep in his price, any way. See here, I'll jest bet a cool five *you* wont buy them.' 'Jabe is devilish dear, I know; Captain, give us some of your Santa Croix; but I'll take that bet, for if he's got them, I want 'em, and am after them. Pretty good stuff,' continued Mr. Thrivewell, smacking his lips.

'What a queer existence this is. But I like Pleasant Face and his ——' 'Get up, Charley!' sang out Thrivewell, and away we rumbled.

I wondered what I was — my object in life; why my name was so often called. Valuable I undoubtedly was, and had peculiar power; but my existence was still a mystery, and I began to wish for developments and more light.

'Good morning, Mr. Williams!' 'How about those cattle?' 'You want 'em?' 'Not particular: will you sell cheap?' 'Cattle's riz, you know, Mr. Thrivewell.' 'Well, never mind, I'm going into York State; I'll call, if I don't get supplied.' 'Well, hold on,' exclaimed Williams. 'They are just below the hill: I'll ride down and show 'em up.' 'Come, get up, Charley.' 'There, Mr. Thrivewell. There's a fine crittur — girt six feet — four and past. His mate is beyond that black heifer. I've got some ten or twelve I'll sell.'

'Money is less trouble than critturs,' exclaimed Mr. Williams, as he threw me down with many others of my kind upon a table. I had changed hands, and was in a common room, but very clean and neatly furnished. It had the air of thrift rather than indolence. 'There, Mary,' giving me to his wife; 'That's for you.' 'Jabe, you are real good. Now, we'll get Fred and Sarah some nice things, and you know they need them, Jabe.'

From the many conversations I heard between Mr. and Mrs. Williams, I fully discovered my value, and the object of my life. The mystery was cleared up. I procured the luxuries and necessities of life, purchased evil, rewarded merit; saved life as well as instrumental in its destruction. A curious, strange, startling, hopeful, painful object. At once a friend to the good, the wicked; to the divine instructor and the murderer; as safe in the possession of the latter as the former; a witness to ease, comfort, happiness, starving poverty, debauchery, and scenes of hellish passions. To be a friend to this, to these, to all. To be present when good might be done, and yet unable to accomplish it. To run a career rapid in its various changes, and to do naught by my own volition. I found also I should see Pleasant Face again, and although the time was uncertain, yet I looked forward to this period with pleasurable anticipation. My name was Bill Money Dollars, either of which was understood by every body. A fashionable mute, courted by all ranks, and eagerly retained. I brought smiles upon frowning faces, and sweet hope to the desponding; relief to the dying, and succor to all. Without me, mankind starved, cursed, and perished; with me, they exulted, triumphed, and made merry. Happiness, misery, comfort, discomfort, smiles, madness, charity, avarice, life, death, rapine, murder, all the objects man seeks; all the debasing extremities in which his vices incarcerate him, were embodied in me or mine. Strange and fearful object! What curious ingenuity of the imaginative brain fashioned me to produce the startling disparities, ease and poverty, life and death? And yet a frail tenure upon being I held. A puff of wind, a candle-spark, would destroy me. So is it with human life. To-day is — tomorrow *was*. It is even so.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams visited a neighboring city for their purchases. It was determined that Fred should have a new cap, Sarah a new frock: Mr. W. a new hat, and Mrs. W. a dear, sweet bonnet. The day was fine, and the ride an easy one, whiled away by a conversation partaking of that nature that a sufficiency of money and a willingness to spend begat. To hear the enthusiastic ardent articulations of Madam, with her oft-repeated 'Won't it be nice?' and, 'How pleased the children will be!' with the response, 'Yes, Mary; I think it is not only

our money, but we can spend it as we please,' would have delighted all save a miser or a prude *passé*.

The innocence, artlessness, nay, the naturalness of life and conversation of inmates of a country home, tell more of true happiness and pure confidence in an unalloyed state than the stiff, formal twaddle of suspecting conversationists or wedded ones in a crazy town. Numbers beget familiarity, and familiarity contempt. The father is dishonored, the brother disgraced, and the pistol or poison an inevitable result. Human nature is of such changing, unreliable composition, that circumstances too often erect the guide-board which points to pit-falls and irremediable ruin. No one can like the Pharisee honestly pray with a heart conscious of purity: 'God, I thank thee I am not as other men;' but all *should*, like the more humble and contrite Publican, exclaim, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' It is from the simple fact that 'to err is human;' and the great omnibus of life carries far more of the one class than the other — which is it? Is this purely speculative, or honestly practical? Is it fiction, or common-sense? Are mortals incased, and no golden key to unlock the door? Is, then, temptation without a ragged chasm of frightfulness filled to choking with the fallen? Reader! You perhaps came from the quiet country, and all your sweetest memories, like dew on roses, are away among the hills and valleys of your nativity. The purling brook from which you pulled the speckled trout or cooled your limbs amid its whirling bubbles; the wooded hill, with its mossy rocks and carpet of many-colored leaves; the meadows, with air redolent with untainted fragrance of the clover and the everlasting; the orchard, with its pendent limbs heavy with 'seek-no-further,' and the juicy pippin; the old church, around which many evenings have you played 'I spy,' and 'The Gay Wolf'; the school-house whose benches bear sad defacings of the jack-knife you were proud to wear; the old straw hat upon its nail in the kitchen; the merry kitten playing with peeping sun-beams, and the drony fly upon the well-scoured floor; your mother, with her happy smile and approving nod; your father, whose very presence banished all fear of hobgoblins or ugly travellers; your brother, hasty, impetuous, but affectionate and kind; your sister, modest and persuasive; the crowing cock upon his humble heap in the barn-yard; the vain turkey, with wings grating the ground, and hideous gobble; the homely cur, who runs at your approach to greet you with a gentle bite; 'Lineback,' the cow, 'Charley,' the horse, 'Dick,' with bell on neck, that bleats as you pass; the village green, where with honest emulation and manly sport you sent the ball you wound and covered with leather one rainy day, when your mother helped you: say, reader, what gaudy show, what fashionable adornments, what distorted feature of a life in town can compare to this — to these? Tell me! Then do not smile at country artlessness. It is the Koh-i-noor of your happiness, civil, religious, domestic, public. It is the only sanative to purge the morbid feeling of no virtue you have had lingering about you, and robbing the life-chest of confidence of all its bespangled jewels, more precious than the gold of Ophir, more full of fragrance than the grapes of Eschol. The LORD do unto me and more also if I ever forget or despise the little hamlet and all its associations.

O Boyhood! passed amid such quiet, godly incentives —past, gone for ever. If no monument ever stands above my ashes where the wild bird warbles, and the flowing-brook pours out its lapsing lullaby; where the earth can grow green without the sacrilegious tread of many feet, I shall die unhappy. I have wandered many weary miles o'er land and sea, but the home of childhood, like the golden rays of mellow sun-set, has always shone above the splendor of palaces or the enchantments of the pleasure-world. It was humble, but within its walls was innocence protected by pious and devoted hearts.

'Get up, Bill! My dear,' said Mr. Williams, 'yonder is the spire, the Capitol. How the sun glistens upon the roof. Would you like to live in a city?' 'No! indeed; I am content: I should be too awkward and not sufficiently fashionable. Dark rooms; stiff speeches; afraid to laugh! No, no! Home is the place; the old fire-side, where we can do as we please.'

'You are right. I could not be happy in a city. Shall we fix off the children first?'

'Well, let me see: stop at —. Yes, I think we had better.'

A city! what is it? Many streets, some with rectilineal courses, some crooked and narrow, some prim and cleanly, more dirty, filthy, and foul: high aspiring spires above edifices of stone, dark-brown, white and time-soiled, with stained windows to exclude heaven's light and the sun-beam; wherein congregate silk and broad-cloth to worship God; a mixed multitude of good and indifferent — the real devout worshipper, the vain miss, with bracelets and tossing curls; the empty-headed fop, with slender cane and slenderer legs; the gouty retired banker, with the blossoms of turtle-soup and *deviled* fowls and the lingering mellow-ness of 'South-side' and 'Oporto' peeping from a red-veined face; the stately matron, with her easy air and well-cherished looks; the stranger, with subdued eagerness to stare, mindful of a pair of large black gloves and an ill-fitting coat, thicker boots than are fashionable to wear in town. A few trees, Nature's great ornament of earth, half-grown, consumptive, labelled 'Keep off the grass!' 'Dog-Laws,' as if they were *allowed* to remain merely to advertise the oracles of aldermanic wisdom. Countless heads of walking bipeds jostling each other into sour looks and ungentlemanly damns. Thundering omnibuses driven by a returned volunteer, a discharged soldier, or more worthy ones, who, seated aloft, like Jove upon his throne, look down on creeping mortals, and laugh at terrified females running the gauntlet betwixt hoofs, poles, carts, carriages, and the general chaos of a street, with whip in hand elevated above his head pointing to you as he sings his advertisement, 'Bleecker-street, ride up!' or tearing along like lightning run mad, passing a brother whip with an air of triumph and a bitter curse. Theatres, where persons strut their brief hour upon the stage and then *die*, to amuse lorgnette-gazers and the pea-nut *pit*. Saloons whose walls are crowded with the productions of a perverted easel, with a sleek-haired youth behind a counter, who delights in tossing 'brandy-smashers,' 'gin-cocktails,' or 'sherry-cobblers' for a pale slight moustache, with one hand in pocket and leaning with an air of *abandon* upon the other, at the same time he is telling a friend that the 'Old Gov-



ernor' is abroad, and he is 'about.' Restaurants where bivalves are swallowed upon the half-shell by this same *slight moustache* late at night when scarcely conscious of his locality, and evidencing a superior and decided spirit of independence, mostly contingent upon several 'drinks.' Houses with green door-blinds, which the *slight moustache* frequents, and goes swifter on to a coffin and the worm. Massive warehouses, full from loft to cellar with foreign and domestic fabrics, supervised by sallow faces, anxious looks, and gray hairs; books posted and balanced by one who came from the country long ago, and now whose life-blood is slowly congealing for the last stroke his pen may make — and it is near; beggarly paid, and *he* knows it; but there is another fresh country boy with ruddy cheeks, just outside ready to take his place, and he knows it, and so he writes on. Banks, treasuring gold, silver, bills, notes, drafts — the gods of men. Newspaper offices where the ceaseless click of steam-presses worked by gasping men, run all day, all night, to tell us by early morn what has transpired the day before throughout the Union; for busy fingers are expressing upon wires the scenes the world has brought to light through the period of the buried day. The rickety stair-case and a back room where sits a fair one whose beauty is clouded by sorrow, and her poor garments scarcely covering the charms that ripen the hot blood of miscreants, the seamstress, plying her needle for fifteen cents per diem. The den lower down in the scale of vice than the house with the green door-blinds, in a damp, filthy basement, where the refuse of God's creation and man's statutes meet to swallow the most villainous draughts of murder-inciting liquor, and talk hoarsely in mingled ejaculations of blasphemy and obscenity; the very place from whence has issued those who pursued directly their fellows, to send them by pistol or knife unangst before their God. The high walls within which mortals who have leaped the barrier of innocence, run headlong down to crime, to take their last survey of earth and men, attended by one who wears a cocked hat, a sword, and an assistant ready at the drop of a handkerchief to cut the thread of life of him who stands erect with a white cap upon his head and a white vesture upon his body, all trimmed with black, and around his neck a cord attached to an ugly beam above. Ay! not only man but woman. The bold, impudent lad, proclaiming in torn accents the trashy papers he runs the city over with on God's holy day, grating harshly upon ears of worshipping assemblies and defying the Law of the Mount, patronized by those who know better but care less. Drawing-rooms with their costly furnishing of rose-wood and mahogany; soft carpets, gilded books, trinkets and ornaments from voluptuous Paris or the Italian mart; and their occupants, one of whom has toiled much and long and erred a *little* to make *more* money, and *covered* his derelictions by some generous act lauded by purblind preachers and the press. The mother, daughter, son, who talk of operas, fashion, dress, a foreign voyage, all turning a deaf ear upon the wailing voice of some unfortunate one, and yet listening attentively to the dulcet tones of a well-known *roué* who has but ruin and misery in his attentions. The poor student in an attic, struggling on through dinnerless days and suffering nights to send home — his peaceful country home — a story of merited worth and



eventual success. Ay! the spire, the church, the street, the clanging steel of horses' feet, rumbling vehicles, the theatre, saloon, the counting-house, den, the marble hall, wealth, poverty, misery, infamy, selfishness; these belong to a *city*. And yet there is one pleasant thing, the little leaven in a city. It is to be awaked upon a Sabbath morn by the subdued, merry peal of mellow bells, talking to each other from distant streets, and sweetly arousing the sleeper to a consciousness that it is the day of rest; combining chords of harmonious music only excelled by that of 'falling waters, the voice of girls, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the lisp of children, and their earliest words.'

Sons of the plough and golden harvest! Daughters of daily industry and its reward! You who live where blow the zephyr and the morning breeze, pure, fresh, fragrant; where the squirrel chatters and the wood-bird sings; where the glad earth looks to heaven, puts on her robes of beauty, and smiles with tossing grain and juicy fruit; where leaps the cascade and bubbles on in eddying currents the brawling brook; where the hill, valley, rock and wood echo the bleat of lambs, and lowing herds stay there. Break not the chain of contented happiness: for *that* a city life can never give a recompense.

'How much did you say?' exclaimed Mrs. Williams. 'Two-and-sixpence, Madam, and I'll assure you it is cheap at that.' 'It is very pretty; I think it will become Sarah; do n't you think so, Mr. Williams?' 'Yes; though I like the piece with the blue stripe.'

'You may give me a pattern of both, Sir.' 'Yes, ma'am. John! cash!' and running came an active boy to take me to a desk, where, after being looked at sharply by a gray-haired man, I was placed within a drawer. A new home, but I could not blame Mrs. Williams. I was made for such purposes—a mere thing of convenience. Scarcely had I settled to my place ere the till was again opened, and the gray-haired man had given me to the active boy again, and from him I passed into the soft gloved hand of a pretty face, upon which I thought a smile peeped out when I looked up. That face! I have often thought of it since. It was beautiful. A soft shadow, so soft a passer would not notice it—a shadow more the result of memory and doubt than that of affliction, hung over fine, intelligent features; a dark eye and inviting lips, from which low, sweet tones made melody. She was slightly formed, and a mellow tint upon her cheek told of breezes and the fields; the same rich look I had seen before upon faces in the country.

'Well, Mary, I've made the purchase; for it was so sweet a pattern I could not miss it; and it is not too gay, either. You know the one we both admired so at Bradford's.'

'Shall you have it made up here, Isabel?' 'No; there is a poor girl in our village, who fits dresses nicely, and I shall help her. She has given me satisfaction, and you know —'

'Oh! I dare say; but then you know, Isabel, you might take the fashion home.'

'Yes; and be considered aristocratic.' 'Well, Isabel, have you seen your hero—your ideal.' 'No, no, Mary, do n't be silly.' 'Why, I'm sure, Bell, you need not be ashamed of that story. I should really

admire such an adventure, and then the *possible* meeting afterward.' 'You are highly romantic, Moll : I *should* really like to see him, but then it is so long ago *he* has forgotten it and me.' 'Ah ! Bell, you do n't think so, and what 's more, you secretly expect to meet him again. You said in the hurry, confusion, and all that sort of thing, you wound your handkerchief about his hand when he was hurt.' 'I said I *thought* so, for I missed it.' 'Well, *of course* you missed it, and of course, silly girl, you did wind it. Now that handkerchief was marked in your name, and I know he will keep it and find you out.' 'O Mary ! you are crazy ; you cannot make me believe such absurdity. Why, he might have been engaged then : how foolish !'

'Well, Bell, we young ladies are expected to be romantic, and to love all noble, brave, manly hearts, and especially to delight in such adventures. Now, I will help you to find this hero of yours if you will describe him ; and if you will confess that you do not care *any thing* for him, I'll love him myself if we ever meet.' 'Well, Mary, you are a great tease, and just to comfort you, and have a little sport, I will describe him.' 'Comfort *me* ! oh ! well ; come, I have the paper and pen.' 'Ha ! ha ! what an idea, Mary. Is it not ridiculous, making a husband from an adventure ? He had a dark-blue eye ; about twenty-two or three years old ; tall ; brown, curly hair ; rather slender ; a peculiar smile ; full, red lips.' 'Ah ! you would n't like to kiss them, Bell, eh ?'

'Mary, I'll not say any more if you go on so.' 'Nonsense, Bell, you must. Let us see how it reads. Dark-blue eye ; about twenty-two ; tall ; brown, curly hair ; rather slender ; a peculiar smile ; full, red lips. Why, Bell, you have n't described his nose or his voice.' 'Roman nose ; and he had a sweet, gentle voice.' 'Of course. O Bell ! there is no mistake.' 'What do you mean, Moll ?' 'I mean that you are in love. Come, let us go down and play a game of chess ; and as you are the better player of the two, I'll wager the successful check-mating on my part.' 'But if I am the better player, why do you say so ?' 'Oh ! I shall tease you if I say.' 'No ; I'll take it in good joke.' 'Well, then, when we are in love, we cannot think of any thing else.'

'Check-mate it is, as true as I live, Bell,' rang out the merry tones of Mary. 'Hark ! mother's voice : I must go and see what she wants.'

'Mary is a dear good girl, but a real tease. 'T is strange she should have the same presentiment. But I shall laugh it off.'

'Love let us cherish, cherish,' was Mary's melody, as she returned. 'Say, Bell, what say you to a walk ? Mother wishes me to go down-street for her.'

'Well, with all my heart ; and I must get me an article I forgot to-day when I was out.'

'Have you blue veils ?' It was the sweet voice of Isabel. 'Do you like that, Mary ? What is the price of this ?' Another moment, and I had left the company of my fair owner, and was stowed once again in a deep, dark till.

'Confound the cash ! 't wont balance.' A young face full of perplexity looked upon me, but the contracted brow soon smoothed, and I was carelessly placed in his pocket.

'Half-a-dozen on half-shell, and a mug of ale. Hallo! Tom, take a seat. What will you have? Here, waiter, duplicate my order. Well, Tom, what news?'

'Nothing, Jim. By-the-way, have you been to No. 10 lately?' 'No! but I saw her to-day in the store.' 'Any one with her?' 'Yes, a deuced pretty girl.' 'Is n't she? I fancy that girl; but then she is from the country, and rather reserved, and not inclined to get acquainted. How stupidly modest these country girls are!'

'That is true. Here, waiter! some more oysters — half-shell! She is very intelligent, and would if she were inclined make a great sensation.' 'Who is she? Do you know?' 'Her name is Isabel Dale, a cousin of Mary's. Here, waiter, your change: bring some segars.'

I had passed into the boy's hands.

'Blow me! if I know much about such stuff, Bill. Comes hard and goes easy, like music from a bag-pipe. Change's right, eh, Bill?'

'Ay! ay! blast the odds.'

I found myself in the hands of a queer person, different from any one I had ever seen, and he talked funnily, too. He had balanced upon the top of his head, inclining toward his back, a small, round, shining hat; large collar, blue, and worked with white; blue jacket and bright buttons; a belt about his waist, and his hands very hard and spotted with blue: when he walked he rocked from side to side. His trowsers came down loose over his feet, and a black ribbon about his neck. His face was very brown, full of wrinkles, and he was constantly chewing.

'I say, Bill, let's make a dive here.' 'Ay, one place's good as another.'

'I say, Captain Bottle, or what the d — l your name is, give us some Santa Croix.' 'Easy, Jim: luff! that'll do.'

'I say, Bill: that plum-dough specimen yonder is making fun of us. If he says any more, I'm blowed if I do n't spill his bilge-water.'

'Twig his top-lights, Jim, eh? Whew! Well, here's to the lass that loves a sailor.'

'Bill, he's made his signals again, and they are d — d piratical. I say, here, you scurvy lubber, do you want any thing of us?'

'Mind your business, or I'll settle your accounts.' A fearful sound followed, amid cries of murder, and strangled oaths: and I only know its termination from the conversation that followed. 'Bill, that lubber will slip his moorings, or he has a better hulk than common.' 'It will do him good, Jim.' 'Petticoat ahead. Bill, let's shake out a reef and overhaul her: she looks in distress.' 'Hallo! mother! Why, blow me, Bill, how sorry she looks; seen hard gales, I'll swear. Here, take that, and bless your old heart! Cheer up. It's the like of ye that we sailors know how to pity. We know d — d well the signals of distress.' 'And here, mother,' says Bill; 'here's more for you. Go and get some *kill-grief*, and let it cheer your old heart.'

'You are very kind,' replied a feeble voice. 'I am very poor, and my family are suffering. This will help me; and may God be very kind to you for your generosity.'

'Come, mother, come in and take a cheer with us.' 'No; I never

use spirits: you are very kind.' 'Shiver my timbers, Jim; do ye hear that. Why, she's one of the Bethelites, eh?'

Laid upon the table, a small room and its miserable furniture were about me. An old bureau, knobless and shaken, three chairs, a bed covered with scanty apparel, upon which lay a poor, emaciated girl of some sixteen years. The dark, glassy eye, sunken cheek, and hollow cough, told more than words the frail tenure of life she held.

'Clara, dear! some good, kind-hearted sailors gave me some money. Look! we can get along a little while longer.' The girl, feeble from disease, with exertion raised her head and looked upon me. An audible groan was all the answer.

Reader, were you ever a witness to a scene of poverty; humble, merited poverty; poverty that clung and would not be shaken off; poverty that ate to the vitals and sapped sweet life? Sordid man of business, whose chief object is to *get*, no matter how, but *get*; no matter if the fingers that worked for your benefit belonged to a diseased frame. No matter if the young bright eye dimmed and shut in death. No matter if cold and hunger and want and disease followed the pittance given for stitches taken. No matter. *Your* pockets clink with the shining metal: *your* bank account is large; swells to laughter. *Your* house has comfort, ay, luxury. *Your* daughter is merry and gleesome. *Your* son is ranking high at the university. *Your* wife has her carriage and driver. No matter, though it be the life-blood of some poor, loving, affectionate young being, that nourishes and warms—— No matter. But look ye. Cannot the pestilence enter your windows? Cannot the shroud enwrap your loved beings! Cannot the devouring flame consume, and hard-hearted creditors (seared like yourself) chase you as you have others? Cannot the full house become empty, and the halls once echoing with mirth and fashionable revelry by night be forsaken and dark? Cannot the tempter whisper, and despair unnerve your soul? Cannot a ghastly sight of blood and brains tell the sequel? Say, are these improbable? Be careful! The demon has already fixed his glaring eyes upon you. You are charmed, blinded, *lost* already! Go to, now. Let there be written upon the closed house, the black and charred timbers of the warehouse, engraven with deep lines upon the suicide's monument — *Fifteen cents per diem!* Let the passer stop and with eager curiosity point his finger to the words, and ask, 'What meaneth it?' Let the faded shadow of the dead girl sweep by, and whisper, 'It is the end of him who paid to clamorous poverty the pittance you read.' The finger is dropped, the stranger passes on and mutters, 'Shame upon the mortal; and yet it is the short-sighted selfishness of man.' Reader, would you a lesson be taught? Go and use your slight or powerful influence, as it may be, to aid the poor; to open the veins of charity in that hard-hearted man you know, and teach him the story of the widow's mite. Go, and like him who leaves a sphere of comfort, an atmosphere of civilization, and plunges amid scenes of vice, misery, and all repulsiveness to rescue, reform, relieve and nourish. Strike a helping blow, and stand by the end. Noble is the rescuer from shipwreck, but nobler is he who labors to rescue his erring fellow.

'Lilly' and 'Tany' will yet appear bright jewels, sanctified, redeemed in heaven, as witnesses for him who has made the deserted heart to rejoice, and the dens of wretchedness as peaceful heritages.\*

The world knows not, cares not. The ceaseless tide of human life floats on, and when his work is done, and he himself goes *home*, his memory will be as the dew of Hermon, 'like apples of gold in pictures of silver,' ever bright, ever beautiful. Reader, can you doubt it? Let not the smile of incredulity, the careless 'tis well enough,' lull you into the bed of selfishness, and cover you as with a garment; for there is that in you which says there *is* a God, and just, who recompenseth the righteous, and heareth the cry of the raven. There is a reward, a punishment, for all. Let him who would mock, then, mock still. Sublime is the death of him who *does* with what He has given; calm and peaceful like the falling of rose-leaves, so soft, so gentle, that the rising sun only evidences the vacant places of earth's sweetest ornaments.

A little boy sat at the foot of Clara's bed, and said the doctor had been in. 'Oh! yes, mother!' whispered the dying girl; 'he says I cannot last long. Merciful HEAVEN! be kind to mother and Charley! If they could only go with me!' The mother stood for a moment before the bed, and looked upon the wan features of her support: it was a look full of bitterness, the gall of despair and unmitigated agony; and falling upon her knees and throwing her arms about the faded form of Clara, she exclaimed, in heart-broken accents: 'O God of the widow, of the fatherless, have mercy upon me and mine! Man *may*, but THOU *canst* aid us.'

'Mother, it is all right. You will be provided for. Did you see Mr. Boyd?' 'No, dear child; he is out of town still, and his partner knows nothing of the business; he says all such settlements belong to Mr. Boyd. He said, he had no idea that there was any thing due you.' 'Well, mother, the balance *is* small, but it would help you some; but I would not go again. Let them keep it. It is a long ways for you, and you are not able. The kind sailors' money will do for us as long as I shall be with you: and then God provides for His children. So stay at home, dear mother.'

'Clara, it is wrong in me to feel so; but you—you—oh!' and placing her hand to her head, she wept the tears of true anguish. 'We are used to poverty; I could smile at *that*.'

'Mother,' said little Charley, 'there's some one knocking at the door; shall I open it?'

The door opened, and a gentleman entered and stood looking toward the mother with peculiar earnestness, while he addressed her. 'Is this Mrs. Marll?' 'It is, Sir.' 'Mrs. Clara Marll, who lived in Mr. Bell's family, in Westminster?' 'It is, Sir.' 'I am sorry to have obtruded just now, Madam,' observed the stranger, noticing the sick girl upon the bed. 'Oh! no, Sir. This is my daughter, very low, but your presence will not harm her. We have no other room, and are accustomed to many inconveniences that poverty only knows.'

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\* A TOUCHING description of the rescue of these two poor neglected children, by the noble missionary of 'The Points,' from a loathsome intimacy with some abandoned, degraded blacks, was published in the *Independent*, (a religious weekly of New-York City,) April, 1853.

The stranger bore marks, the unmistakable evidences of a thoroughbred gentleman. His demeanor was subdued, but his air was dignified, and his look and tone seemed deeply to sympathize with the scene before him.

'You of course, Madam, do not remember me ; for it is now over twenty years since we have seen each other ; but I well remember your kindness to me when my mother died. I am ——'

'Victor Bell !' exclaimed Mrs. Marll.

'Mother !' whispered Clara, 'you are provided for. God is good. I faint.'

The shadow of death rested upon the eye-lids of the wasted girl, and with one common feeling, such as only sickness, danger, or death can produce, the panic-stricken mother and the sympathizing friend stood over the bed of Clara.

'Raise her head, Mrs. Marll, that she may breathe easier : it will soon be over.' 'Mother, Moth——' The scene was over ; for a gush of blood ran down upon the pillow, and a slight shudder had sealed the colorless lips for ever.'

'O mother ! is Clara dead ?' screamed little Charley ; and he, too, flung himself with his heart-broken parent upon the bed. There was a pause that followed, the silence of which, broken by successive sobs, only told the solemn cause. Tears coursed down the cheeks of Victor as he silently bent over the features of the dead, and in low but soothing tones spoke consolation to the widowed mother, and after an appropriate delay, deposited a heavy purse upon the table and withdrew. A long time the mother and boy lay upon the bed, until the hasty steps of aid and expressions of compassion fell upon their ears. Victor had returned with needful assistance, and all things were done decently and well. Help had come timely, and solaced the last hours of the dying seamstress. She had closed her eyes with the echo of friendship lingering in her ears, and upon her pale face the smile of hope was triumphant.

Clara was buried the succeeding day, and Mrs. Marll and Charley comfortably lodged in other quarters — the result of Victor's kindness ; and he daily called to give by his presence that comfort which kindness and sympathy only can bestow. Mrs. Marll I found had been his nurse in infancy, and until the death of his mother, when the father removed to another region. The history of Mrs. Marll was like many others, a marriage entailing misery and ruin ; for her dissolute husband left her destitute after the birth of Charley. Thrown upon the selfish tide of human life, the widow had struggled in vain for a comfortable maintenance. Latterly Clara had done much toward a support, but had chilled *her* life-blood by deprivation and hard, assiduous labor. This was the simple story of the widow. How many can tell the same ! Ay, the splendid drawing-room, where the merry song and silvery music steal over the senses to entrance and enchain, while near by comes upon the evening breeze the low wail of crushed hopes, withered expectations, and fading life. They are neighbors, but know not each other. An ocean of style, rank, and fortune sweeps between them ; the sinking ship bears with it a precious load of diamonds, while the proud



hulk enters port *in ballast*. The uneven allotments of life are the daily theme of discontented beings who cannot appreciate the impossibility of general wealth and ease. Man, in his philosophy and sage wisdom, can translate the mystical hieroglyphics when surrounded by plenty ; but let the cold wind of adversity blow hard upon his back, and, bending like the pliant osier before the sweeping gale, he bitterly murmurs that others are not chased by misfortune. Why, then, these uneven allotments? Within the veil of the temple there speaks the oracle. Go ask ; for 't is neither sanctified priest nor worshipping layman can read the hand-writing upon the wall. Reader, 't is folly to tell you to bear well the withering stroke of heavy affliction ; to stand by with endurance when poverty consumes you ; to speak well of fortune in your neighbors ; to bide *your* time ; for well is it known it is the advice of a mortal to his fellow ; but then it is the better way. Blessed is he who endureth even unto the end.

'Mrs. Marll,' said Victor, upon one of his visits, 'I'm about leaving town for another portion of the country, and I do not know when I shall return. Possibly never. You are provided for, as I have told you ; but should you by unforeseen circumstances ever want a friend, this card gives you the address of one who will be to you in my absence what I would be if near you. There was an adventure occurred to me several years ago that has always interested me, and I dare say will you, and I desire you to know it, as possibly you *may* be able to aid me should the time ever come. Several years ago, while visiting the county of —, I stopped at the village of S — to spend a few days. As was my wont, I was taking a ride through the region, and had jogged on some ways from the village. Suddenly in the distance appeared a carriage with a horse under full speed, evidently uncontrolled by the person who held the reins. The road ran directly on the borders of a deep, sluggish stream ; and should an accident occur to any vehicle here, it must necessarily place the inmates in peril by being submerged. I immediately reined in my horse, turned aside as far as possible, awaiting the result with breathless expectancy. I feared the worst, for the horse was approaching with frightful speed. The next moment I had leaped from my carriage and plunged into the stream to the relief of a young lady who had been thrown from the carriage, while the horse tore past me with his bits all foam, while still within sat a gentleman whose countenance bore great anxiety and fear. In leaping from my gig I struck my hand upon the step and cut it severely, I rescued the girl from the water, who was very much frightened, and possibly might have drowned before aid could have arrived, had I not been upon the spot. She immediately inquired if her father was safe. She could not have been more than sixteen, but she was very fair, and her features were those of intelligence and beauty. The wound upon my hand she bound with her handkerchief. I was about making arrangements to convey her to the hotel, when the carriage reappeared, and the father and daughter were again together. He had succeeded in stopping the horse without injury, and in a few moments we had separated and were pursuing our different routes. The handkerchief I preserved. Upon it is the name of Isabel Dale. The name, I dare say, of the young lady I rescued. Upon my return to the



hotel, I found the strangers had tarried there sufficiently long for their wet clothes to be changed. The young lady told the landlord's wife she owed her life to a stranger, and had been very stupid not to have obtained his name. But the fright, anxiety, and confusion, were her only apologies.

'I may possibly be of service to you, Mr. Bell. I certainly shall never forget you again. God will reward you for your kindness to me.'

'Charles,' said Mrs. Marll, the succeeding day, 'take this' — giving me to the boy — 'and get the cap I ordered for you yesterday. It is the money the kind sailors gave me; but I cannot always keep it. Go, now, and ask for the cap in a gentlemanly manner. You must try to be as much of a gentleman as Mr. Bell; and you must always love him as more than a friend — your rescuer and benefactor. Your poor mother was every thing to his noble heart. He was always so, when no older than you are; ever generous, and kind, and affectionate.'

I was again adrift, ready for new scenes and acquaintances. And so is it with life. Mortals cling to loved ones and pleasant homes with obstinate tenacity; but there cometh the gale of change, and united hearts and happy firesides grow strange and unfamiliar; or, more than this, the whisper of death chills the beating pulse — it lessens, it ceases; the friendly smile, the cordial union, the noble heart, are all faded, broken, and silenced in the damps of an echoless grave: the grass springs up, and naught save memory tells of the one who has passed away. It is the history of all; upon it we rarely ponder; though we know it, yet we think our time is yet distant.

A strange face looked upon me — a thin-faced man: and his sunken small eyes brightened as in his count he made 'Two hundred, I believe I am right. John, take this money and get it exchanged for current bills. Be nimble!'

Thrown among a large collection of my species, more intelligence was given me of my value, and the various uses to which I was capable of being put. The broker was thin, very thin; his temples throbbed heavily, and an anxious, scheming look, with a premature gray among his locks, spoke of an earnestness in his business only excelled by his speaking desire to accumulate. I fancied I could see the reflection of gold and silver and bills sparkling from his eyes. He was employed unceasingly in counting; jotting figures down upon paper in the shape of a long book, and throwing down change upon the counter. All his words and conversation seemed to echo back — money. Occasionally he would draw a deep breath and a 'heigh ho!' as an alterative chorus; and what time he could spare from thumbing bills and quizzing silver, he conversed to others around him in a peculiar language, to me perfectly inexplicable; such as, 'Morris Canal; Erie Bonds; in the street; second board; market tight; exchange high; Eastern small; call loans; lenders good demand; coupons; under limit rates firm; closed fair; previous quotations; brisk request; shade lower; United States Sixes preferred stock; cotton dull;' in fact I supposed him slightly demented. It was a busy office, and a constant ingress and egress of business men. Their chief object seemed either to make or retain

money. Before night I was bundled extremely close with others, and conscious of being in motion.

I came to light in a distant city, and in a room in some respects similar to my original home ; though differing in size and multiplicity of faces. It had a subdued air of silent work and atmosphere of books. Treated in a careless manner by a pale youth, precise and sober, I was consigned with a motley group to a huge parcel closely bound and labelled. The mouth of the pale youth was fast locked, save an occasional whisper indicative of number, that barely struggled into existence through the partly-opened lips. The condition of many of my family was sad ; conspicuous in distress ; tattered, soiled, and defaced.

It is thus with mankind. When the life-boat is first launched, careful hands and watchful hearts protect us. We float gently on into the *morning* bay, and then and there burst upon us scenes of dazzling beauty. The prisms of the rainbow are not more splendid ; the feast of roses not more inviting. The chalice of soft-eyed beauty ; the melody of seductive pleasures ; the gate on golden hinges, opening scenes of ambition, renown, wealth, luxury, and satiety. Hanging upon the tree of Mars depend golden epaulettes and kingly gifts ; from the imaginative forum, Authority, clad in glad vestments, winds from a silvery horn the song of oratory and choice adulation. Farther on, amid fragrant blossoms and undying verdure, palaces of retirement guarded by liveried attendants. The clouds are tipped with the carmine of everlasting sun-shine, and all is unutterably beautiful. The youthful eye grows blind by the gorgeous and intoxicating vista. 'It is mine — all.' Onward and forward rushes the mad youth. A warning voice, faint but prophetic, calls to him ; he heeds it not. 'It is mine !' Onward and forward. The voice follows : 'Stay, presumptuous mortal, stay ; beyond rushes the river of oblivion. Its current is deep and swift : you cannot breast it. It sweeps downward to old decrepid age and bitter disappointments.' But the plunge is already made, and far below from amid the turbid eddies, gasping with exhaustion, struggles a changing form ; whitened is the hair, sunken the cheek, dimmed the eye, palsied the limb, faint and broken the voice. It is the poor youth, stranded upon the beach of age, and death is encircling him. Ignorant of the scale of life ; sanguine in his own resources ; heedless to the voice of his guardian-angel ; blind to the experience of older mortals ; indifferent to the dangerous reefs of the rolling current ; negligent of the dismantled hulks about him ; the rash youth, with his harness of gauze, makes the bold leap, the hazardous plunge, and is swept with his vapory strength and fleeting energies through the whirling eddies and rushing waters beyond aid and a rescue.

Seated upon the same high stool, with spectacles on nose, and the familiar 'How do you do?' from lips, sat Pleasant Face. I had been *redeemed*. No longer fresh and fair, with the look of rich elegance, but wrinkled and worn, I longed to recount the scenes I had witnessed ; but he passed me over with a stranger's indifference, and to my old dark quarters I was consigned.

Pleasant Face was making arrangements for a journey, and I exchanged the drawer for his pocket. Desirous of rest, I was still unable

to procure it. Symbolical of the lot of humanity. Mortals toil and endure with the pleasing hope of a continuance and an age of ease and plenty. With this object the youth aspires to the busy scenes of life, and separates himself from protection and a home: he exists in the battle, and catches the enthusiasm of the time and place; moves on; the airy phantom, his ideal, is just before him; he thinks he can grasp it at any time, but is fascinated with the excitement of the present, and pushes on; the phantom-cloud is still before him. Years accumulate and the mortal tires: he presses to embrace the great object of his strenuous exertions, and cease from cares and anxieties; but alas! he sees his embodiment of ease and plenty is but an air-built castle, and it fades from his vision and his hopes for ever. Mental suffering, physical endeavor avail nothing. He has reached the last round of life's ladder, and topples headlong among the crushed relics of mortality of those who preceded him after the same phantom, finding one common end. 'In memory of' is the mournful inscription that outlives the talent, the effort, and the man — the only evidence even that tells *he was*.

Despite my earnest desire that Pleasant Face should recognize me, we parted company without the sign of friendship, and I was once more adrift alone, faded, and worn. For some time I was unmolested, and saving an occasional glimpse of the outer world, where others of my fraternity exchanged hands, I knew and saw but little. At these times I observed the peculiar appearance of my possessor. He was a young, dashing man, elegantly attired, with a profusion of costly ornaments, evidencing either wealth or worldly policy. His conversation was varied, adapting itself to the capacities of those with whom he discoursed; evidently a man of the world; withal of easy principles, and yet demeaning himself modestly when circumstances dictated necessity. I was amused at the different characters which he assumed — good, bad, and indifferent; but the one in which he appeared the most at ease savored of evil; a speciousness which evidenced suspicion. For a time I enjoyed my imprisonment, but soon found the secret of the cause. It was the discovery that there were false representations of my value in worthless issues, and my fashionable owner was certainly aware of the existence of such.

Preaching morality to the world at large is a matter of questionable benefit. Man is of such conundrum qualities that present circumstances invariably weigh the heavier, and education also brings *its* influence to bear. It is not always the training of a child in the way it should go that prefates a godly life. The wiser the criminal the more vicious has been the mark upon the moral world. Many tender-hearted mothers, faithful in inculcating healthful religion with the songs of the nursery, have wept tears of unutterable anguish over cold mortality once warm with hellish passions and recreant to the last pulsation. The *preacher* may *imagine* the life-battle, but he does not *know* it. Cloistered from busy scenes — the merchandise of conscience as well as of *perishables* — he can speak of the wrath to come with zeal and earnestness; but, exchange the surplice for that of commerce, and the same words of holy import which he now speaks may fall like hot sunshine upon burning sands. The truth is there, but the practice is adrift. It is the Present,

not the Past or Future, that dictates. The latter whisper ; the former commands.

Upon a table upon which stood various bottles, filled and partly emptied, uncorked and sealed, I lay. The room was ornamented with costly pictures ; but the light of day was excluded. It might have been night ; at all events, gas-lights shot forth their forked glare, bringing into view the faces of six individuals encircling the table. Their features characterized lives of freedom of excess ; their silence, the cold-blooded determination of the player, unconscious of others' misfortunes, and dead to the friendship of honesty. It was a desperate game of high deceit. Each knew his fellow's propensity, his utter want of reliable integrity ; and they had seated themselves coolly to plunder, the greatest villain the richest in the end.

Such a scene is but a miniature of life. Are we not all striving for supremacy ? The supremacy of wealth, rank, honor, and position ? It is even so. Every alliance has its gambler. Some for the praise of approbation, generosity, sympathy, and affection. The famous physician, with world-renowned celebrity, is naught but a player. The same compressed lip and pallid face, are his attendants upon disappointment or another's success beyond his own. The *Reverend* exemplar smiles upon his double Ds, with a side-long glance to the humble, unsuccessful player for the same. The idea, though simple, is fraught with a principle, a fact, that may not easily be confounded. Error in robes of scarlet clothes the skeleton, and this ghastly framework stands upon every man's threshold. The beam and the mote are to be remembered, as well as recognized ; for they are inseparable. They rock the cradle of the infant, and look through the glasses of the old.

The silence that possessed the circle was finally broken, and during the conversation I gleaned a memory of my life. True, it had never been effaced ; but it had passed, and for some time had I ceased to hope for its cultivation.

'I say, Bill, here is a mystery ;' and the ringing glass and gurgling wine made a period. 'Here is an affair worth explanation : listen !' and from a daily paper was read the following : 'Ten Dollars Reward ! Lost ! with a light summer-coat of no value, (and which may be retained,) a small cambric handkerchief, with a peculiarly embroidered edging, marked Isabel Dale. As this is a keepsake, but of little worth to the *finder*, it is hoped the same may be returned to Mrs. Marll, No. 179, — Avenue.' 'And here,' continued the reader, 'is the identical *wipe*. I say, Bill, what can it mean ?'

'That we are in the company of a pickpocket or thief,' was the gruff reply from the person addressed, who was partially maudlin, and fretted with heavy losses. A quick blow followed the rejoinder, and a few seconds turned the table into an uproar of a serious nature. Two strong, athletic men had closed in a desperate struggle ; and ere the others could rescue either, the discharge of a pistol had told the story of one life, and summoned a night-officer to the doubly-locked door. As it was burst open, so were the windows of the room, proving, temporarily, the means of escape to those who were implicated, yet innocent

of the deed. In the confusion was left the very object of the players, together with the handkerchief and paper. The officer into whose hands I fell secured them.

Upon another table, but surrounded by the professed aids of justice, I discovered myself in close proximity to the same handkerchief, which, with myself, had witnessed the tragedy of the players. I saw, also, my old friend, Mrs. Marll, who was explaining her advertisement; evidently a witness summoned to assist in the matter. Her evidence was simply, that Victor Bell, while staying at his hotel, in — street, had been robbed of a summer-coat, and the said cambric. Business hurried him from town; and for reasons well known to the reader, unwilling to lose the only clue to an interesting adventure, he had requested Mrs. Marll to advertise the property, with a reward well remunerating the person who should return it. Through payment to the witness, I again fell into the possession of Mrs. Marll; a singular and fortunate occurrence. I had ever desired to know the fate and further history of two individuals, in whom no one could be more interested than Mrs. Marll. Her circumstances had brightened, and she was the happy occupant of a snug domicile in — avenue, where she gained her support through the generosity of Victor, as well as by her own industry and the needle.

'It is a singular coincidence,' remarked Mrs. Marll to Charley, 'that this bill should come again into my possession, in connection with Mr. Bell. I received it from a kind sailor, the very day our dear Clara died, and the very day Mr. Bell found us. I am not mistaken, for I marked it. I can but hope its reappearance is the herald of success to Victor. Could this mute, inanimate paper speak, Charley, how many scenes in life might it not depict! What strange owners does it have!'

My joy was excessive to be thus recognized. It was the first friendly recognition I had enjoyed since my existence.

Reader, is there not here a moral? We may not look upon the wealthy and the titled for a nod of memory. There is treachery in remembrance, for while it *exists* it denies *life*. To-day the nod is apparent; for the nodder wants your vote, your strength, your unqualified Yes — for the time being, merely; it is given, willingly. To-morrow, the proud head averted, the cold eye resting beyond you, the ear deaf to a friendly 'good-morning.' Remembrance *exists*, but it *denies life*. But from this gross *denial* springs a happy, bright, and buoyant issue: self-exertion, fed by laudable ambition. Well nurtured, it rises above all obstacles, and feeds upon the very comforts its parent failed in accumulating. It is, however, a very easy matter to condemn human nature; but a very difficult affair to perfect it. Of books, there have enough been written to redeem and regenerate the entire human family. But the poignant word and bitter fact, clothed in the simplicity and regal attire of truthfulness, like wind-falls from the trees, drop to wither untasted. Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' reaches the circle for which it was designed; so does the autumn-leaf leave the twig, to perish below, while the vernal season replaces the vacancy with fresh charms to be admired and lost again. It was this singular and contradictory element of character that troubled Paul, when he spoke of the

*foolishness* of preaching. Yet properly and with correct assiduity do we follow the mandate, 'Here a little and there a little,' that we may retard the rank growth of this deadly night-shade, which, although never eradicated, is cropped and measurably subdued.

'Is Mrs. Marll at home?' It was a sweet voice: the tones were familiar; but I could not individualize. 'Mrs. Marll, I have been recommended here by Mrs. Burley, for I want you to make me a bridal-dress. Can you do it, and have it finished by Thursday next?'

'I can do it; but I may not suit you,' Madam replied, looking upon the fair speaker; and so through and after a long conversation it was settled that the customer should call again upon a specified day.

'Mary Arch!' read Mrs. Marll from the card she held in her hand. 'A friend of Mrs. Burley: and she is to be the happy bride; and a sweet face she has.' And so I thought. It was Mary; fair Isabel's cousin. Could I but speak and tell Mrs. Marll that within her grasp was Victor's prize! How often are we within reach of the desired object, and still happy in ignorance thereof. The possession might dazzle us; might destroy us. If we are to enjoy it, the proper time *will* come, let intervene what may of the nature of delay. A greedy spirit nauseates like an over-fed child upon sweet dainties; but patience, having the reins to hold, drives us safely to the door of hope: and we arrive none too late for the feast, because, unbeknown to us, *we* are the *honored* guests.

Upon the table of the reception-room had been placed the handkerchief marked 'Isabel,' since the eventful period of the trial. The specified time had elapsed, and punctually at the hour rang the bell, and Mary, accompanied by another lady, entered. During the few moments before Mrs. Marll appeared, the young ladies busied themselves at looking through the books primly positioned around the astral.

'Why! this *is* funny!' exclaimed Mary, raising the cambric in her flesh-colored gloves. 'Bell, see here!' 'What!' said Isabel, looking with changing color upon it as she inspected the handkerchief; her own, again restored. 'Dear me, 'tis mine: the very edging — the very mark! Why, Mary, what can it mean?' 'Mean!' eagerly cried Mary; 'mean! brown, curly hair; rather slender; a peculiar smile; full, red lips.'

Mrs. Marll entered; but the agitated and flushed appearance of the young ladies eagerly examining the little cambric, so full of interest to her, almost paralyzed the good woman. 'And what does it all mean, Miss Arch?' she exclaimed; 'do you know the owner?' The bridal dress was before her eyes; but hold! it was not for Isabel, though still it *might* be. 'Indeed I do, Mrs. Marll; Miss Dale.' Isabel looked up — her face so sweet, her cheeks mantling, a picture of beauty that motionless charmed the introduced. For a moment the twain stood speechless. 'It is mine,' said Isabel, 'and brings back a memory of my life that I can never forget.' 'Was it a carriage — a — an upset — a — a rescue?' cried Mrs. Marll.

'Dear me, Mrs. Marll,' said Mary; 'do you know *him*?'



Isabel sat down, and, covering her eyes, wept audibly — a picture of gold in a shower of silver.

The immediate errand was for a time forgotten. Fast flew the words ; the long-sought-for information was given ; the clue was found. Within the room was Victor's beau ideal — Isabel Dale ! And where was he — Victor ? From the door egressed two happy hearts : full of joy, life, hope, expectancy.

'Bell, what a prize is he ! You have not hoped in vain. Your life-dream is realized.'

'No, Mary, not yet. I wonder if ——'

'Wonder ; no, he is not married. He is yours, as much as Fairfax is mine. And Bell, I'll tell him he must postpone the wedding until there can be two. O Bell ! I *am* happy !'

The pavement swam. The ornamental trees that were swiftly passed seemed filled with golden, prismatic buds to Isabel. Every body wore a smile ; as if the little fluttering heart had tattled her simple story to the world. The very cool atmosphere was filled with all the sweet-scented perfumes of Lubin. The tattered son of poverty was neat, clean, and joyous. The driving Jehus were running like mad, to buzz the approaching nuptials. The loud-mouthed newsboy was crackling his lungs with the news of Victor's arrival. The rustling silks were but promenading to the wedding. The elegant-looking young man upon the opposite corner, staring her full in the face, was Victor, about rushing to a full and joyous recognition.

There was a letter lay upon the same table where the cambric was found. It had the simple address of 'Victor Bell, Esq., Old Point ;' and Charley took it away.

It was a bright, balmy, October morning. I was still snugly stowed away in a small compartment in a porte-monnaie, with the initial upon it, 'M.' Mrs. Marll was evidently expecting some body ; she looked very cheerful and contented. Isabel had been in the night before for a few moments, and I heard the words, 'To-morrow, I have no doubt ; for so said the letter.' And I was not mistaken. During the day, Victor arrived. His meeting with Mrs. Marll was such as could be easily imagined. A part of the time was passed in reading a small gilt-edged note ; and it must have been very satisfactory, for his actions were of an endearing nature, even to the letter.

Mrs. Marll was very busy, and an occasional word now and then convinced me that there were two dresses to be prepared rather than one, and so it proved ; for some little time after, Charley spoke to his mother of returning with Mr. Bell and lady to Old Point.

I eventually passed into other hands, and finally, again redeemed, am registered upon the 'retiring list,' patiently awaiting my final exit. It is not far distant, for Pleasant Face has ordered a pale-faced clerk to count the value of my bundle for destruction. And now with Cervantes, 'I would do what I pleased ; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will ; and having my will, I should be contented ; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired ; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.'



## Tirkle: a Pome.

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 DEDICAT TO MR. HUESTON INTO THREE PARTS.
 

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## PART THE 1TH.

DISTINGUISH MUSE! your humble fren stil livs!  
 Threw 1 yeres streme he hes sadli Navvigaited  
 & not ben swalerd bi the bilos. Muse!

He hes ben coald — his clothe ben allso wet,  
 His helth verry poor. He hes hed Inflooenzy  
 & Alas! soar Throte. Biles hes contin-  
 Ued fur to maik pereodikle aperens,  
 & his hart hes ben wel ni broak compleatli.  
 Muse! your humble fren wil not complane.  
 The glory ov his acheevments pays him wel  
 Fur everythink inflictid onto him.

The imortle pome wich jest 1 yere ago  
 You helpt him fur to rite, wil ever liv  
 & magnify his naim like telescops  
 Wich maiks a grait Werld ov a litle star.  
 O Muse! no fire, no wotter, pane in bowls,  
 Or even HANAH'S Faither cant him stop;  
 Fur Potry is the spirits as preserves  
 His Soal from spilink: taik Potry away,  
 & onfortinet PEPPER mus dri up & Vannish.

Ken you, o Muse, then hev the cruelty  
 To hang of like you did be4, & peraps  
 Not cum at al? lykely you may thinc,  
 Becos i didnt di wen i sed i wood,  
 ime never a-goin to — wich is a mistaik.  
 i fele this tyme, O Muse, as ef i coodent  
 Deseve you ef I tride. besyds, the goak  
 (Ef youm onfelink enuf to cal it sech)  
 is rayther stail; and wel you kno I doant  
 Doo nothink twicet alyke: beleve me, Muse,  
 This tyme i di without reserv — to onct.  
 i hev prepared a loc to send to HANAH,  
 Tooc from the moast conspicyous ov my har —  
 Shoink how i doant cair now fur loocs,  
 & never did much — but now no moar — alas!

o Muse — as wos so offish about the *Weelbarer* —  
 Good Muse — without wich evry pote hes got  
 A bad coald & cant sing: i taik my oth  
 ile never cum to you fur help agin.  
 Wot doo you doo fur eggersize wen you  
 Ant a-puttin up ov potes fur to rite?  
 It semes you otto be thankfe fur a opper-  
 Toonity for to maik a yung man famus.  
 Now cum & help me, Muse, doant be afeard —  
 PEPPER *must* write the pome — he feles his Our  
 Hes cum, & wood be glad ov your asistens:  
 o thinc a minnit ov the onborn millions  
 My gentle Muse, as 'll be ableeged to you!

At last youv roas abuv your pregudis —  
 i fele your fyre a warmin up my blud —

i ketch your breth, so swete & bamy too :  
My preshus Muse! beleve me yourn til deth!

'Ambishun! powerfle soars ov Goody Nil!'  
So sung the copper pote with silver tounge —  
(Onhappy she, with sech a misable faither!)  
How ken you be a-settin peple up  
To dooin thinks wich sune they fynd they cant!  
its perfickli yousles to deni the charg —  
& ime hapy to se you ant a-goink to.  
Fur shaim! you otto be in beter biznes.  
You rooind NAPOLIN — a cmart man,  
Also CESER, ELICK SANDERS, Mr. CRUMMEL,  
& 100 uthers into the sain sercle, —  
Al lykli men til you saild in & spilet em.  
it was a onwarrantable Libberty, & cus you for it!  
& wen you leve the Hewman Speshy a minit,  
its oanli fur to insite a Resareckshun  
into the pesefle brest ov sum onfortinet Animle.  
i now alood to TIRKLE: ded and gon —  
Wich his story i shel now persede for to sing.

Fur away, bi shoars ov the wyld Oshun,  
Sitooated about 20 rods from the wotter,  
Lay a peseful pon, not larg, not depe,  
But a fare sise fur a moderat Tirkle.  
On it was varis logs good for to set on  
Wen the sun shynes, & dyve of wen Man  
Cums with stun or duble bariled shot gun.  
Nise tender frogs wos plenty & not shi:  
Evrythink was faverble: & here livd  
Hapy & contentid fur meny yeres — A TIRKLE.  
He wos the kynd cald MUD, becos he never  
Myndid the dirt, but tooc to it wen persood.  
in cam Contentment he wood set fur days  
Onto a log, a-dreamink in the son.  
Ketch *him* a worrynk! wot shood he worry for?  
He hed al he cood ete & drinc & ware —  
(Wich last sounds good, but doant signify much —  
Lyke haf the comon potry — but to persede:)  
He wos satisfide he coodent doo no beter.  
The sentiment ov War he never felt,  
Consekentli wos myld & Lam-lyke:  
Peraps his oanli folt al that tyme, wos  
His not hevin Energy enuf naterally,  
& afterwerds his not knowink wen he wos wel of.  
The Birds, a-flyin over, wood say to theirselves:  
Hapy, hapy Tirkle! Their he sets, esy,  
With no cair onto his mynd, no trubble  
Fur to liv; wylst we, poor fetherd Songsters,  
Must fli & look sharp wether we wonto or not.'

His mynd rund moastli onto a femail Tirkle  
Wich livd into a nuther pon lyke hisn  
& hedent no crule faither for to order her:  
Consekentli thay wos together moast ov the tym.  
o, hapy was these 2 inosent Animles!  
Lyke Bobby-lincs as wissel al the day —  
Swete Tirkle-Flowers, a-bloink syde bi syde!

## PART THE 2TH

(HARK! doo i here a rore? — i here a rore.).  
 Go stand onto the shoar & vew grait Oshun!  
 Se the ships, skooners, & morfodyte Brigs  
 Wich cary sech imens cuantitys ov evry think  
 in varis direkshuns ore his boosum!  
 Se em leve the inteligent Shoars ov germany  
 Also ov Ireland, Liverpool, Frans, afriky,  
 A-caryink ov peple, iern, wimmen,  
 Umbrels, & salers, with uther thinks too tegus  
 Fur to menshun: se clods ov nite obscure swete Moon,  
 (Wich i is adrest a pome to — & sed evrythink:)  
 Behoald Darcnes ketch evry 1 bi sirpris,  
 & Ship pichink verry much: waivs roalink bad:  
 in plaïs ware its 60 or 80 fete depe:  
 Alas! sum a-cryin: captin rayther afeard:  
 Waivs (as i sed be4) a-roalink! awfle!!  
 [SE] Se-TIRKLE is cam. 'he woeks the botom  
 Lyke a think ov lyfe.' (frum Byron) wot cairs  
 This awfle Savig ov the briny Sese  
 For eny sech smal maters? cuite nothink!  
 Alus cam, he slepes — dremes — etes minneys —  
 Roams in feroshus mewinks threw the wotters.  
 Wen he gits disgustid with 1 kynd ov food,  
 (Wich Se-Tirkles air rayther ap fur to doo,)  
 He goas & dyits onto sumthink els  
 Quickli — becos Helth spekes & ses: 'TIRKLE!  
*Talk mi adwys — be cairtle, or youm gon!*'  
 Wich consequentli results into Eles & sech.  
 Wen his ferefle I gits set onto a Clamb,  
 His inards is Regoised with it to onct;  
 Oister likewais. nothink escaips his vizzhun:  
 Wich pirsipitais the berth ov the yung Wale,  
 The muther being so confuged by its glans —  
 & maiks the faither trembil & bring Tribyou out ov ilc.  
 Wots mity swoard-fish into his hans — wots Se-snaik,  
 Conkerer ov Allegaiter? Wacks!  
 Wot ef this mity Objeck ses: 'ile go ashoar!'  
 He dus so direckli, dispysink ov paspoarts.  
 Wen he apears abuv the Aquis Elemen,  
 Wot dus he say? These werds with Dignity:  
 Fairwel, Oshun! fur a few minits, Adoo!  
 Ef i choos fur to talk fresh are, Hoos biznes is it?  
 Let eny ov these cussid land Animles  
 Sho thayr fais: How i pittiy em ef thay doo!  
 ile sho em how the magisty ov Se-Tirkles  
 Hes got to be observed onto al ocashuns!  
 i woodent yous no pirsoneel egzershuns: o no!  
 ide depen onto mi I entyrelly; — ide Wither em!  
 — i wish fur to hev these Egs preservd. thay shel be!  
 & be the Mejum fur fewter Tirkles!  
 So sayink, (& wot cood he ad to sech remarcs?)  
 He graisfli retyrs lyke the meek-ide fon (frum moor),  
 & leves 2 or 3 mild ov the onhappy shoar  
 A-moarnink fur his los. His Magestic Tale  
 Waivs a Eligant fairwel to evrythink  
 & he is sene a-goin down lyke the settin Son,  
 With splendor & enthugyastic Aplos.

## PART THE 3.

AMBISHUN! remembrink wot i sed to you  
 into the 1st part, it wont be nessary to  
 Ashoor you ov my contemp; but peraps  
 Youm 2 bizzy a-rooinink ov peple to go bac,  
 in wich cais cus you, with imens disrespec.  
 Cum forids & looc at sum ov your were!  
 Stand & observ that silen pon their —  
 Dride up with Sorow almoast into nothink!  
 Sise cum up frekentli from the cuiet mud:  
 A vois moarns & ses, 'Alas! poor Tirkle!  
 Taik fur away his melancoly shel —  
 Gether up the trankil inosent clos —  
 & berry em in silens, cuietly.  
 O, he was al mi fansy panetid him: (frum MOOR)  
 & he is gon — swete, lovli Tirkle!  
 — That vois hes stopt — hes dride up lyke the pon —  
 Or wot is left ov boath is very smal sise.

The wind was a-bloink worm from the South-est,  
 (it was the tyme ov the Yelow feiver),  
 & brot the smel ov orangis & afrikens  
 Frum the troppicks cuite fresh & saloobris.  
 The pon ov the Mud-Tirkle was cam — also  
 His mynd, maid trankil bi a good nites rest.  
 Hevin survayed his fechers into the wotter,  
 He adrest ov hisself into these few werds:  
 'TIRKLE! wil you taik a wock this fyne mornink?'  
 To wich he replide with plesyour: 'Sertinli,  
 & much ableeged to you:' wich settled ov the pint.  
 O, se that graisfle Animle a-walkin!  
 Wot dus he dreme ov? HAPINES, ov coars:  
 A-winkin to the tre-todes as he goas —  
 Wich resolves fur to serenaidd him bi nite,  
 Pirformans to comens at 8 o'clock persiseli.  
 Alas! — but Muse kepe cuiet fur a few minits.  
 Fait toald him fur to taik the bangs ov Oshun,  
 (Wich he hed ben their, so thought nothink straing —  
 Bein a admyrer ov grait boddys ov wotter:)  
 So he went, wel plesed with hisself and evrythink,  
 A-humink, also a tryink fur to wissel.  
 Then he wocked fur a wile, a-lookin down,  
 Wile WO set a-straddle ov his shel,  
 A-lookin verry Meloncely, & a-sheddin ov teres.  
 O, ef sum 1 cood hev turnd him aroun  
 imejitli, wot diferens it wood hev maid!  
 But noboddy dident — hens the Catastrofy.  
 Sudentli Mud-Tirkle cum fur to looc up:  
 Wot was a-hed? *nothink ony a SE-TIRKLE*:  
 As ef that wosent enuf — wich i rayther thine  
 it wos. he stood with Magisty — a-wunderink  
 Wot that litle cus wos their, a-cumink.  
 His douts wos sune dispeld bi actool facs.  
 'Wen wos you born?' sed he, wen 'Mud' cum up:  
 'A-4 you wos!' sed Mud-Tirkle, with Dignity —  
 Not imejitli pirsevin ov his sise;  
 'Sa that agin!' sed he: Mud-Tirkle sed it:  
 & then thay roas & stood onto thayr hynd legs.  
 'Arize! my son — stretch evry nerv!' (frum WOTS.)

Then sed Se-Tirkle, a-lookin down  
 & holerink so the uther I cood here;  
 'O, i ken here you, verry plane!' sed Mud:  
 & imejitli discuverd he wos smal.  
 With al his egzershun, wich wos verry grait,  
 He felt he wos a inferor kynd ov Tirkle;  
 So, lettin ov hisself doun as esy as he cood,  
 He cast his lonk & lingerin tale behynd, (frum GRAY,) & syin depeli startid fur the pon.  
 in goin bac he stopt fur I moar efert,  
 Bein afeard he hedent dun his best:  
 He sweld so hard his shel begund fur to crac —  
 & yet remaned a verry smal Tirkle.  
 'How hard it is fur to swel much wen youve got  
 A shel!' he sed, in Considerble ageny,  
 A-givin away to the preshoor ov his felinks.  
 He felt bad. he wos sory he tooc the wock:  
 'Cus him,' said he, 'fur a imens Humbug!'  
 (Alloodin to the uther Tirkle). after wich  
 His spirrits fursooc him, & he wos tooc sic.  
 His femail fren did evrythink she cood:  
 'Chere up!' sed she, 1000 tymes per day:  
 But no youst — he didnt talk no interest.  
 She begund fur to git scairt — & wel she mite —  
 To se him a-sinkin in spirrits & in mud.  
 At last he refuged fur to hoald no moar  
 Conversashun, & orderd her of ov the premisis.  
 Wich persedinks tooc her with sirpris:  
 'Mi swete Tirk-y is a-gittin huffy, aint he?'  
 Sed she, in a alectin vois cuite sorowfle,  
 Wich maid warm wotter ov his isy hart,  
 & cuverd ov his shel with pirsirashun:  
 'Furgw me, luv & stay — ile go miselft!'  
 Sed he; & then onfortunetli went.  
 The settin sun went doun as he went up.  
 He hed prepaired a few remarcs fur hir,  
 Alloodin in onplesant tirms to Ambishun —  
 Wich Deth cut short in a onfelink maner.  
 The tre-todes sung — but cuite a diferen song:  
 (it wos a Disapointment to em al,  
 Fur thay wosent verry fon ov miner mewsic:)  
 it broak the femail tirkle's hart to here it:  
 Hir Spirrit now hangs roun the silen pon,  
 & spekes the werds aloodid to abuv.  
 Se-Tirkle's eggs wos al woshed away  
 in a awfle storm as hapend that saim nite;  
 & he wos finishd bewfully hisself  
 Bi a larg & splendid stroak ov litenink  
 Wich Overtococ him wilst a-huntin fur em.

My preshus Muse! your PEPPER talks his lefo.  
 He wont hev no moar Ocashun fur your Servis.  
 His WERC is finished — allso his poor Lyfe,  
 Nereli. he thauks you verry much fur al  
 Your kyndnes, wich hes been the maikin ov him  
 He hoaps the Warnink wich we se abuv  
 Wont be cuite lost onto the Hewman Speshy —  
 To wich, also to you & mi dere HANAH,  
 i leve mi fain, & say at last: FAIRWEL!

## ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

## CHAPTER THIRD.

## GIRLHOOD'S DREAMS.

WHEN I awoke in the morning, I started up unconscious at first where I could be. The bright sun was shining full in my face, and the fear of being late hurried my toilet; yet I was scarcely dressed when the bell rang. Quickly I ran down, and with something of the buoyancy and elasticity of childhood; for the heart has a wonderful capacity at rebounding after many serious blows and concussions. Every thing looked bright and pleasant without; I was refreshed, and had a great desire to be blithe and happy. So I put on my sunniest face, and tripped lightly along, fully intending to greet my aunt with one of childhood's warm kisses, and to skip about her playfully and freely, as it must be she would prefer I should.

I opened the door, but all my gayety left me at the threshold; there was the same stately figure, and the same properly composed features; and notwithstanding my resolution to feel free and careless, I felt constrained and awkward, and was any thing but winning and recommendatory in my greeting.

'Good-morning, dear!' was pronounced in a tone which was unexceptionable, and which was really meant to be kind. I blamed myself for the chill which crept over me; reasoned, and wondered why I was thus paralyzed; made every effort to throw off the invisible fetters which bound me, and to believe my imagination alone was at fault; but in vain. I could neither speak nor move as I wished; and while wishing and striving to be agreeable, I knew that I was repulsive, and seemingly destitute of the feelings I was trying to manifest.

I succeeded in eating enough to avoid the suspicion of choking with home-sickness a third time; and after breakfast my father led me into the garden, and asked me how I should like staying in this beautiful place; at which I again burst into tears, and begged him to take me home. He endeavored to soothe me, and said I should feel better in a few days; that I had come so far, it would not be worth while to go directly back, and I should soon be able to run about the village and find other little girls of my own age to play with. 'My aunt,' he said, 'was an excellent lady, who would take good care of me; and now there was no one at home; but by-and-by, perhaps, he would come for me again.'

With this last assurance I brightened a little; but at the thought of the good care of my excellent aunt, my heart was only sick, and my brain almost reeled, for I had learned fully to appreciate excellent people, and was ready to say: 'Good Lord deliver me!'

But here I was, and here I must remain. I knew very well the part I must now act, and I acted it to perfection. I was never again

guilty of crying in the presence of my aunt, and cultivated assiduously an unmeaning smile which effectually hid from her all genuine emotion, and convinced her that I had not a habit of falling into any kind of ecstasies, either of love or grief. In short, I became an automaton, externally ; but the deep waters within were a boiling caldron, which bubbled and burned and swelled, ever threatening but never overwhelming me.

I was sent to school, but walked and studied and played like a paralytic. I did not dare to form acquaintances among children, because I was never permitted to ask them to see me or accept their invitations. My aunt did not approve of children's playing together. They only corrupted one another ; beside, amusements were a desecration of the precious time which was given us for a higher purpose ; any thing in the way of diversion was sin. And so constantly did I hear this, that I came almost to believe it myself. But it must be either a very false doctrine, or there must have been in my heart more abundant materials for generating all manner of evil thoughts than is common to mortals ; for I am very sure I might have spent every day in seeing sights, and every night dancing cotillions, and not have indulged as many thoughts offensive to the eyes of purity, as filled my bosom in all those years of solitude.

I was certainly quite respectful and obedient, to all outward appearance ; but in my heart was all manner of rebellion and hatred. The life I was obliged to lead was contrary to all the principles and emotions which God had implanted in my nature. Did HE in HIS wisdom make us for no other purpose than to practise self-torture ? There are some who think to wear hair-cloth upon the body, and cover it with ashes, is a species of self-torture both sinful and ridiculous. But they go on to tell us that to keep the mind and soul on the rack, is not only well-pleasing to God, but absolutely necessary to salvation.

The slightest deviation from duty was sufficient, however innocent my intention, to bring upon me a torrent of unwomanly rage, or subject me to the still greater misery of meeting and sitting every day and hour with one who maintained toward me a sullen silence, which could not be broken by the most polite question or the most earnest entreaty.

I was dressed genteelly, and allowed all the privileges of one of the family ; and I have no doubt she thought she treated me as she would a daughter ; but there was this great difference : she could have loved a daughter with a very different love, and could not have maintained such sternness toward her ; could not have resisted the leniency which love always prompts. How gladly would I have thrown my arms about her neck in childish confidence and affection, and wept upon her bosom. At times, too, this would have pleased her ; but perhaps the next hour, in perfect innocence, I might commit an offence, which would incur a displeasure that would repulse me with cruel coldness for weeks ; so I shrank from any manifestation which could not be supported by consistency.

Now and then the cold, stately woman would come down from her stateliness and talk with me familiarly and kindly ; and a few gentle



words were sufficient to melt my heart. Oh ! if she had been always thus, she might have won the affection she tried in vain to command, and made herself the only society I cared to enjoy. But this she could not do ; and yet it was not so much her heart as her head that was at fault ; and neither of these so much as a false education, and false ideas of right and wrong and duty : false ideas of religion, of God, and what HE requires. I have thought sometimes that some great disappointment might have embittered her, or some secret sorrow might have been ever gnawing at her heart, and by keeping her wretched made her cold and harsh. But when the heart has been once touched by sorrow, it learns to feel for other's woes, and especially softens at a story of heart-suffering. A thorough knowledge of one's self is the true key to a knowledge of human nature, and he who has seen his own need of charity, will be charitable towards others.

But flattery was the only key to the good graces of my aunt Quimbleby, and any body who was willing to act the part and take the trouble to be a hypocrite, might bask in the sunshine of her smile for ever. But this my soul abhorred : and not till reduced to the very last extremity of misery did it become my resort.

I wrote occasionally to my father, and occasionally received a letter in return, consisting of a few concise sentences ; exhortations to the improvement of my time and duty to my aunt, and a general expression of interest and affection. Thus passed four years : and I cannot conceive of a life more corroding and deadening to a mind of exquisite sensibility and a heart yearning for sympathy.

I was then thirteen, a very awkward age, and a more than ordinarily awkward and uninteresting girl. I no longer revelled in dreams and fancies and fairy castles. My mind was paralyzed. I was afraid to think, and afraid to move. Then it was that with the energy of desperation I resolved either upon rebellion or deception. I was not allowed to write a letter to my father which was not inspected before it was sent, or receive one which was not read by another before I was allowed to peruse it. I could not remain in my room and employ myself about any trifle without being suspected of doing something improper or wrong ; so I began to feel seriously inclined to do wrong, thinking I should fare no worse were I really guilty, and it was of no use to do right : I gained no credit, and received no less censure.

My aunt went regularly to church, and I as regularly accompanied her. I carried the Bible and hymn-book, and found the text and the psalm when mentioned, and thought I listened attentively to the service ; but as I never obtained an idea from any thing I heard, I think I must have been uncommonly obtuse or careless. I never heard religion or any of its observances alluded to at any other time, and of course could not have its importance very strongly impressed upon my mind. I was forbidden to read secular books and newspapers on Sunday ; but never understood the reason of this prohibition, as I invariably found her who made it perusing very different books from the Bible and the 'Whole Duty of Man,' if I entered her presence unexpected.

I had no taste for novels, and should not have thought of reading

them had they not been forbidden fruit. My mind was not at all mature for my age, and my heart still less so, and both in a state to preclude all appreciation of heart-histories; and love was never mentioned that it did not elicit an expression of contempt from the lips of Aunt Quimbleby, leading me to wonder how she ever came to be guilty of such folly if she ever was, and exciting in me an irrepressible curiosity to learn the history of her courtship. Long afterward, when she was in her grave, and her effects fell into my possession, I was gratified in this desire; and this was the resolution I made in consequence: my daughters and nieces shall never have the perusal of my letters; and if I ever grow up to be a woman and an aunt, I will not expect young girls to be more entirely free from folly than I was myself. Her wish was, probably, to save me from a similar fate; for I had good reasons for concluding that she had sacrificed much, and had not been rewarded with the degree of kindness and happiness that falls to the lot of some. As far as in her power she performed her duty faithfully to me, and banished novels and every thing bearing any resemblance to lovers from the atmosphere which I breathed.

Espionage is not less sure to teach art than tyranny to produce rebellion; and, as I said, amusements, friendships, and various temptations presented themselves to induce me to enjoy by stealth what I could not have openly or by permission.

I determined I would read a novel, and the one which fell in my way had a title which I should blush to repeat, and was one which I never saw in any conspicuous place on shelf or centre-table. I kept it under my pillow, and stole the hours from mid-night slumbers to peruse it. But one evening my aunt went out, saying she should not be home till late, and I ventured to bring forth the secreted volume, and enjoy a feast at a reasonable hour. Seating myself in the corner of the comfortable old sofa in the keeping-room, I so comfortably arranged all my affairs, that I could without difficulty put things in their usual 'state and condition,' without several moments' warning. When all was arranged for my convenience, and I was absorbed in the history of my heroine, what should suddenly enter but that stately form, startling me more than any ghost or hobgoblin. I was not yet sufficiently skilled in deception to conceal my confusion; but when peremptorily asked what I was reading, I answered, with all the composure I could summon, that it was a very interesting book that I thought she would like to hear; and when she had seated herself in the big arm-chair and taken her knitting, she said she 'would listen if it were no silly love-story or nonsense.' I told her it was a story, but not at all silly, and to prove my assertion, turned to a page on which were some quotations from Scripture and a serious reflection, and asked if I should continue.

'Well, if you must read, you might as well read aloud,' she replied: so I commenced the first volume, and was not requested to desist till very late in the evening; and every successive evening, as I resumed my seat, I inquired if I should read, and as invariably heard the reply: 'Well, might as well know how they come out,' till I had finished three sizable volumes of the rankest sentimentalism, and such nonsense as few school-girls would acknowledge themselves interested in.

If she had only been a maiden aunt, how easily all her strange ways could have been accounted for ; but alas ! for the infallibility of the judging world, she had been married, and had lived with her husband three years. This should have entitled her to the possession of all the graces ; but there was some defect about the discipline of her married life : it left her scarcely better than it found her.

Every thing like natural enjoyment was forbidden : every thing that I longed for and could enter into with youthful enthusiasm was considered detrimental. To be thwarted, to be restrained, to be continually irritated, was considered the discipline necessary for life. But youthful exuberance was not so easily repressed ; the heart's best feelings cannot be so easily crushed. Infinite wisdom knew better how to provide for the happiness of human beings, and they were not endowed with minds and hearts and souls for the purposes of self-torture.

I went to school, and had a school-girl's experience ; one of those look-and-glance acquaintances which are so easily understood and so difficult to explain.

‘ Those evening bells, those evening bells,  
How many a tale their music tells ;’

and if school-room walls could speak as plainly, how many a novel would they relate.

My friend Albert was a tall, handsome youth, dark-haired and dark-eyed. I think we had spoken only twice ; once when we happened to meet at the school-room door, and a second time across the stove, where we had stopped to warm ourselves one cold December morning. Thanksgiving-day was near at hand, the merry festival of New-England, and a sleigh-ride had been planned among the young people, to take place on the evening of the festal day. I had for a long time ceased to receive invitations on any occasion of amusement, as I had never any thing but a decided refusal to give in return, and a distrust and aversion had become quite evident in the treatment I received from my companions. I never gave the true reason of my seclusion ; for the sin of speaking evil of parents and guardians had been most emphatically pointed out to me ; and though knowing and feeling that it was wrong and cruel beyond expression to immure me from all youthful sports and pastimes, and compel me to live a life too dull for age, I still thought it would be wrong to expose the cruelty and justify myself, and therefore told falsehood after falsehood without compunction. I insisted that I staid at home from choice, and allowed myself to be called haughty and exclusive, while writhing under the accusation, rather than betray her who was the cause of my humiliation. Girls said I felt above them, because my aunt lived in a fine house, and boys had little encouragement in making themselves agreeable to one so destitute of cordiality and animation.

But this time I was invited, and after blushing and stammering in inexplicable confusion, I said : ‘ I should be happy to go.’

The next moment I was regretting my decision, or rather indecision. I thought I had thoroughly learned to say No ! I knew I should never have permission ; yet how could I go without it ? Often I tried to in-

roduce the subject, and as often my tongue faltered in the attempt, till I concluded to risk the consequences, and say nothing till the day of trial came.

In the mean time I revelled again in the fairy visions of dream-land. The handsomest boy in the village was to be my beau ; and now it occurred to me how often I had looked up from my arithmetic and seen those dark eyes gazing, not upon the slate, nor upon any thing else connected with school-tasks : but we did not sit opposite, and it was much more difficult for me to ascertain this than it would have been in the old-fashioned school-house at home. And here might follow a suggestion, that it would have saved time, if I had only been obliged to look across instead of half-round, which I leave for the designers and artificers of school-houses to consider, or not, as they think best. I also remembered the bright red apple I had found one morning in my desk, and did not doubt any longer who placed it there ! Indeed I began to feel almost happy, and to think I did not care whether my aunt was pleased or displeased. What difference did it make ? Beside I had begun lately to feel a kind of freedom, when she had a fit of taciturnity ; for when I asked her advice about any thing, she bade me ‘do as I pleased,’ and I had actually taken the liberty of so doing, knowing very well that there was no intention of conveying any such liberty as the words implied. But no fault was found, for I had conformed to the letter of obedience. Still I had many fears, and as the time drew near, began to experience attacks of palpitation which were not caused by dark eyes and red apples.

We were to have company on Thanksgiving-day to dinner. The great parlor was open, and fires were snapping in the great old-fashioned fire-places, up-stairs and down-stairs, in every habitable room. For a week there had been heard in all the borders the mortar-pestle and the pastry-roller, the chopping-knife and apple-cutter. Servants and errand-boys had been running hither and thither, and the whole house was topsy-turvy with the sweeping, brushing, and dusting incident to a grand parade which happened only once a year.

On the morning of the important day what a rattling of dishes of all shapes and sizes : knives and forks and spoons to be set in array upon the long table ; the damask table-cloths and napkins must be brought from the great chest, and the plate burnished which had been lying dormant for a twelve-month. The earliest dawn of day found me busy with the preparations, determined to earn the forgiveness for which I scarcely hoped, and if diligence could earn it, to merit approbation. Yet the smile with which I was greeted was far from balm to my conscience, for I knew I should be considered as deserving something very different.

The thanksgiving sermon was not forgotten, and after being duly attended, cloaks, bonnets, and mufflers began to make their appearance in the great room, and merry voices to resound through the halls. There were gray-headed squires and portly dames, and fair damsels, but no ‘youth of high degree ;’ these were interdicted ornaments or additions in any festal scene of ours.

My aunt was arrayed in her stiff brocade, and her kerchiefs and cap-

frills seemed to stand out with more than usual decision ; but in her face and manners were concentrated all the blandness and beaming smiles which she must have been a whole year in fostering for the occasion. She was all graciousness, and I began to feel that no offence, however great, could bring a cloud upon such a sky.

But the next instant my blood was sent in streams like burning lava through my veins, as a shrill voice called out from the farthest corner of the room to know if I were going to the sleigh-ride ? There were those present who knew I had promised to go, and there was one who envied me the preference of that dark-eyed youth.

I answered, ' Yes.' It was over, and I felt relieved, and my aunt betrayed by no word or sign that she was ignorant of the matter referred to, for which in my heart I thanked her, though I knew the tempest was gathering which must soon burst on me.

Dinner was announced, and there was no sensible diminution of mirth, though every opportunity conveyed a dagger-glance at me.

The turkey and duck and goose and chicken were duly carved and duly tasted and duly praised. The chicken pasty and the venison pasty and the pasty for which there was no name, were dispatched in their order. Puddings of all consistencies and pies of all known varieties came in succession upon the board, and then followed the fruits and the flummeries, hailed with no less acclamation.

Whether a Thanksgiving-dinner or any other is a pleasant affair, depends upon the state of mind one is in ; and this was any thing but a pleasant one to me. But though the guests were far from a source of enjoyment, I dreaded to have them depart. I knew the sequel of all the seeming and the merry-making. But the fear had a paralyzing influence which prevented keener suffering, and I was somewhat fortified for the storm which burst upon me the moment we were alone. It was a torrent of rage, of opprobrious epithets and withering accusations, which for a moment made me sink as if some guilty thing ; but this was soon followed by a proud defiance, which checked the tears and stifled the sobs, but no word escaped me. I listened to the end, and respectfully retired.

How the sleigh-ride passed off I never knew, nor how he was received who came for me at the appointed time. I was condemned to a week of solitude, during which I did not resolve to abjure forbidden pleasures in future, but studied how to plan deeper and more skillfully in order to escape detection, and was so successful that I was henceforth considered a much more obedient and respectful girl. How well I deserved the praise will appear hereafter.

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AN EPITAPH.

'HERE lies in dust JOHN WILLIAM WERN,  
Who always loved his fellow-men :  
He was good and he was bold,  
And full of mirth as he could hold.'

## T H E D E S E R T H E A R T .

'Tis not the dreariness of a heart,  
Where love hath dwelt and disappeared ;  
A realm to sorrow set apart,  
And sacred to a name revered :

'Tis not a garden gone to waste,  
Where yet some lingering flower betrays  
The greater loveliness which graced  
Its walks and walls in other days :

It is a desert, where the light  
Of love hath striven in vain to win  
Its way amid the perfect night  
Which buries all that enters in.

No living thing of beauty grows  
Upon its wilderness of sands :  
No beacon-star with promise glows,  
Of brighter hours or better lands.

What tempter from a world below  
Hath given this heart to understand,  
That Love and Manhood may not go  
And kneel to woman, hand in hand ?

Who from his youthful lip athirst,  
Hath dashed away the blissful cup,  
And with forbidding keys accurst,  
Locked the immortal fountains up :

Until he grew too blind or base  
To count it either crime or loss,  
To gaze on woman's form and face,  
As on his gray-hound or his horse ?

It matters not to such a heart,  
How sweet a word or glance may be :  
No marble master-piece of art  
Is half so cold or calm as he.

His nobler nature has been sold  
In commerce with ignoble thought,  
Or wedded fast to gods of gold,  
And idols of the sensual sort.

But woman — wronged, forsworn, forgot,  
Of queenly form and angel face,  
Will smile on him who asks her not,  
And grant him her forgiving grace.

TAUNTON DEAN.



*The Last of the Sparrowgrass Papers.*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

A CONFERENCE IN THE LIBRARY: MR. SPARROWGRASS WRITES AN ESSAY: LIFE IN TOWN AND LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS: MRS. SPARROWGRASS CONTINUES THE THEME: TWO PICTURES FROM NATURE: AND THE LAST WORD.

'HERE we are, Mrs. Sparrowgrass, just on the eve of retiring to private life. We must shake hands with our friends, and say 'good-by.' This is to be the last paper — 'to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.' Mrs. Sparrowgrass smiled a little smile, and sighed a little sigh; then it became very still, but the clock ticked loudly on the library mantel, and the wood-fire chirped, and the sound of thread and needle tugging through a stiff piece of linen, were quite audible. 'I think,' said Mrs. S., after a long pause, 'I think there is a great deal to be said about living in the country; a great deal yet to be said.'

'True,' I replied, 'but I believe, Mrs. S., I have said my say about it. I begin to feel that the first impressions, the novelty, the freshness, incident to the change from city to country are wearing away.'

'Do you think so?' said Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

'Yes,' I replied, 'I think so; in truth I am very sure of it. Do you not see it with very different eyes from those you first brought with you out of the city?'

Mrs. Sparrowgrass said: 'She did not know but that she did.'

'Of course you do,' I continued; 'the novelty of the change is gone; we have become used to our new life — custom has made every part of it familiar.'

'Not to me,' answered Mrs. S., brightening up; 'not to me; every day I see something new, every day the country seems to grow more beautiful; there are a thousand things to attract me, and interest me here, which I never could have seen in the city; even the winters seem to be brighter, and the days longer, and the evenings pleasanter; and then I have so much to be thankful for, that the children are so strong and hardy; that we keep such good hours; and that you have grown to be so domestic.'

This compliment made me smile in turn, but I pretended to be very busy with my writing. The smile, however, must have been seen, I think, for Mrs. S. repeated, very softly: 'You *have* grown to be more domestic, and that alone is enough to make me happy here.'

'So, my dear,' said I, after a pause, 'you believe that, among other things, a domestic turn of mind can be better cultivated in the country than in the city?'

Mrs. Sparrowgrass assented by nodding like a crockery Chinese lady.

'Then,' said I, 'the fact is worth publishing, and it shall be, for the benefit of all concerned. And now let me read to you a short essay I have been writing on country life, seen in a two-fold aspect; that is, as we had imagined it, and as we have found it.'

Mrs. Sparrowgrass placed the candles nearer the desk and resumed her needle-work. Now then :

'To one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven ; to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
Who is the more happy, when, with heart's content,  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment.'

There are very few persons insensible to the tender influences of nature : few who do not feel at times a yearning to exchange a limited life, held in common with the vast multitude, for one of more generous boundaries, where the soul can repose amid contemplation, and the mind rest from its labors, and even the languid pulse thrill with an inspiration that is independent of excitement. It is this feeling that lends a crowning grace to works of fiction, that adds enchantment to narrative, that makes every virtue conceivable, that echoes into music, and blossoms into song. It is this feeling that leads us to prefer Sir Roger de Coverly to Sir Andrew Freeport ; it is this that transports us with delight as we wander with Robinson Crusoe ; this that weaves a spell of fascination around the loves of Paul and Virginia.

But we may leave the kingdom of books and pass from their royal domains into the broader commons of every-day life ; and if yonder laborer, trudging along the dusty high road, far from the pitiless pavements, could give expression to his thought, he would affirm that this early summer Sunday morning is to him an idyl full of poetic beauty and tenderness.

Take, too, the city school-boy and his mates, and see them with uncontrollable instincts pouring forth from the avenues of the town to revel in the ragged grass of the suburbs ; to sit, haply, beneath the shadow of a tree ; or to bathe in waters that dimple over beaches of sand, instead of beating against piers of weedy timber. Take the school-boy, and if he tell you truly, he will confess that, even amid the discipline of the school, his mind was truant to his hard arithmetic and his dry grammar ; that while he was seemingly plodding through his lessons, he was really dreaming of green fields and sunny air, tremulous with the murmur of brooks, and fragrant with the odor of lilacs.

Nor is this feeling limited to certain classes of men, nor is it incident only to our earlier years. It is the prospect of some ideal home in the country that often binds the merchant to the town, in order that he may win a competency to retire with ; binds him to his desk until his head begins to silver over, and habit has made the pursuit of wealth a necessity. It is this ideal future that often haunts the statesman with pictures scarcely less seductive than ambition itself, with prospective hopes, which he promises himself some day shall be realized — some day when his labors are over, and the nation is safe. It is this that passes like a vision before the eyes of the soldier in the solitary fortress ; this that lulls and cradles the mariner to sleep in his oaken prison ; this that leads the angler into the depths of the solemn woods ; this that depopulates cities in the sweet summer-time.

Most natural then as this wish may be, to those accustomed to the life of a city, there are certain seasons only when the desire throbs in the veins with an impulse not to be resisted; as during the feverish dog-days, or in the dewy mornings of early spring:

‘THE Spring is here, the delicate-footed May,  
With its slight fingers full of buds and flowers;  
And with it comes a wish to be away,  
Wasting in wood-paths the voluptuous hours.’

At such times the heart, instinctively led by its own happiness, revels in anticipation of winding wood-paths, and green glades, and quiet nooks, and streams, and the twitter of birds, and the voluptuous breathing of flowers, and the murmur of insects in the holiday fields.

But when the winter comes, the bright city, with its social populace, presents a striking contrast to the dreary, solitary country, with its lonely roads, dark plains, and desolate woods, so that the very thought itself is suggestive only of gloom and discomfort.

There are other considerations, too, sympathies that may not be readily nor rudely divorced; actualities by which we are strongly, though almost imperceptibly, bound to a city life, such as customary habits, familiar acquaintances, and communion with old, time-honored friends. These, in themselves, are often potent enough to prevent us. Separation is the saddest word in the book of humanity.

Then again come other actualities — little actualities of two, and four, and six years old, with preternatural eyes, and feverish lips, and wasted arms, mutely imploring us to follow the doctor’s advice, and give them a change of air, not for a few weeks, but for a few years; and these have their influence. For I pity the parent who does not feel the welfare of his little ones nearest his heart. So that at last, after gravely weighing all arguments on either side, the great word is spoken: ‘We will move into the country.’ Once settled as a fixed fact, once established as a thing no longer debatable, the idea of living in the country, speedily invests itself with its old and happiest colors, puts on cap and kirtle, and cottages the future in an Eden of lattice-work and lawn. Thenceforth every grass-plot in the city becomes an object of interest, every tree a study, every market vegetable a vital topic. Anticipation can scarcely wait upon fluent time; weeks and months seem narrow and long, as the streets we traverse. At last the period of thralldom over, for such it seems, the May-day of moving comes, and then, with all the silver in a basket, and all the children in a glow, and all the canary birds in a cage, we depart from the city, its houses, and its streets of houses, its associations, and its friendships. We depart from the city, not forgetful of its benevolence, its security, its protection. Sorrow be to him who would launch a Parthian arrow at his own birth-place, wherever or whatever that may be!

It must be confessed, that the realization of a hope is sometimes not so beautiful as the hope itself. It must be confessed that turnpike roads are not always avenues of happiness; that distance, simply contemplated from a railroad depot, does not lend enchantment to the view of a load of furniture travelling up-hill through a hearty rain-storm; that

communion with the visible forms of nature, now and then, fails to supply us with the requisite amount of mild and healing sympathy; that a rustic cottage may be overflowing with love, and yet overflowed with water; that, in fine, living in the country rarely fulfils at once the idea of living in clover. To one accustomed to the facile helps of a great city, its numerous and convenient stores, its limited distances, its ready attentions, and its easy means of information and communication; the slow and sleepy village presents a contrast, which, upon the whole, can scarcely be considered as favorable to the latter. Plumbers are very slow in the country; carpenters are not swift; locksmiths seldom take time by the forelock; the painter will go off fishing; the grocer on a picnic; the shoemaker to the menagerie:

‘THE butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,  
And all of them gone to the fair,’

strikes harshly upon the nice, civic sense of one accustomed to the prompt exactitudes of the town. Say, however, that by the driving-wheel of perseverance, the customary inside economy moves on regularly as usual, yet are there new sources of disquiet: the chickens will walk into the kitchen, the dogs will get into the parlor, and the children will march into the dining-room with an incalculable quantity of mud. This last is the most grievous trouble of all, for how can we keep the children in, or keep them out? Then, too, there are other little matters: the well will dry up, or the chimney will smoke, or the dogs will dig immense holes in the garden-beds, or some body's wagon will take a slice off the turf-border of the grass-plat, or the garden-gate will fracture one of its hinges, or something or other of some kind will happen, in some way, to disturb the serenity of the domestic sky. And let it be remembered also, that although a green hedge is a very pretty object, it requires to be trimmed; that peas must be supplied with bushes from infancy; that Lima beans when they want poles, have to be indulged in that weakness; that tomatoes get along best on crutches; that corn and potatoes, being very courteous plants, require a little bowing and scraping at times with a hoe; that garden vegetables of all conditions seem rather fond of leading a ragged, vagabond life, and therefore should be trained by themselves, and not suffered to grow up in a rabble of weeds.

Let it then be fairly and candidly confessed, that living in the country does not exempt from care and laborious patience, those who build their habitations beneath its halcyon skies. There are many things which should have been thought of, and which one never does think of as accessories in the ideal picture. The first effort of rural simplicity is to disabuse the mind of these fallacies. Once understood that life in the country does not imply exemption from all the cares and business of ordinary life; that happiness here as elsewhere, is only a glimpse between the clouds; that there are positive disadvantages incurred by living out of town; and that anticipation must succumb to the customary discount; once understood, and carefully weighed in a just balance, life in the country becomes settled on a firm basis and puts on its pleasantest aspect.

Then a well-ordered garden presents manifold charms to the eye, whether it be when the first green shoots appear, or in the ripened harvest ; then every bud that blows bears in its heart a promise or a memory ; then rain-storms are fountains of happiness ; then the chirping of early birds is sweeter than the cunning of instruments ; then the iterated chorus of insects in the fields is pleasanter than a pastoral poem ; then the brown, unbroken soil has an earthy smell nothing can match ; and the skies, the river, the mountains, with a thousand touches, illustrate the bounty, the tenderness, the wondrous providence of the CREATOR.

Furthermore, the very toil, which at first seems like a hardship, sometimes carries with it a recompense. As the frame becomes disciplined by the additional duties imposed upon it, the labor grows lighter, and more attractive ; not only that, the blood circulates with renewed life, the eye becomes brighter, the muscles more elastic, cheerfulness begins to ring out its bells in the clear air, and sleep falls upon the lids, gentle as a shadow.

If you have little ones, think what a blessing such discipline is to them. Just look at the boys, and their red-blown cheeks, and their sled out in the snow there ! Listen : did you ever hear such a Christmas carol in the streets ?

Not the smallest item in the account is this, that for want of other pleasures, parents are prone, in the country, to turn their attentions to the little ones, to enter more familiarly into their minor world, to take a part in its pageants, to read more carefully its tiny history, to become developed by its delicate sympathies, so that in time one gets to be very popular there, and is hailed as a comrade and good fellow — one of the elected — and eligible to receive all the secret grips and pass-words of the order. And this is not to be lightly considered either, for how can we expect our children will make us their choicest companions when we are old, if we make them not our friends when they are young ? And as a child is often like a star in the house, why should not the father and mother be nearest to its light ? Jean Paul Richter somewhere says of children : ‘ The smallest are nearest God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.’ Therefore, it is a good thing not to be on the outside of their planetary system.

Take it all in all, then, we may rest assured, that although our first experiences do not fulfil the ideal images we had raised, yet when the fibres become familiar to the soil, and spread, and strengthen, we soon overcome the shock of transplantation. Then our new life burgeons and blossoms like a tree, that in more open ground spreads forth its happy leaves to catch the sunshine and the rain, the air and the dews ; and ever and ever growing and growing, its harmonious proportions are uplifted nearer and nearer to that harmonious heaven, which God has hung with clouds and studded with stars, as types and symbols, only, of the glories of that which lies still further beyond.

‘ Is that all you have to say ? ’ said Mrs. Sparrowgrass. ‘ That is all, my dear,’ I replied, and then very composedly lighted a segar. The clock ticked loudly again, the wood-fire chirped, and the thread and

needle tugged its way through the linen with a weary note, like a prolonged sigh with the bronchitis.

'For my part,' said Mrs. S., after a pause of fifteen minutes' duration by the library-clock, 'I think you have not done justice to the country. You do not speak at all of the pleasant neighbors we know, of the pleasant visits we have had, and the parties on the river, and the beach in front of the house, where the children go in bathing during the summer months, and the fishing, and crabbing, and the delightful drives and rides, and the interest we take in planting, and the pleasure of picking off the early peas, and the quiet of our Sabbaths, and 'the charm of seclusion,' which you so often allude to in your library, when you sit down at a pile of books.'

'True.'

'And although it may be a trifling matter, yet it is a very pleasant thing to own a boat, and to have a hammock swung under the trees for the children to play in, or to read and smoke in, when you are tired; and to keep poultry, and to watch a young brood of chickens, and to have eggs fresh laid for breakfast.'

'I know it.'

'And even if we do meet with mishaps, what of them? I never do expect to pass through life without some disappointments; do you?'

'Certainly not.'

'And then you have scarcely alluded to the country in winter time: why, nothing can compare with it; I could not have believed that it would have been so beautiful, if I had not seen it and known it.'

(Three puffs of smoke in rapid succession.)

'And then to walk through a green, winding lane, with daisies and roses all along on both sides, as we often do toward evening, in summer, is a thing worth remembering.'

'Worth remembering? It is a poem in itself.'

'And the pleasant note of a cow-bell at night-fall, or in the wood by day is a pretty sound.'

'It is a wonder the golden chime of that bell has not been rolled out in melodious lines by some body: ' (two puffs and a half.)

'And, although it may make you smile, there is something very musical to me in the bull-frog's whistle. I love to hear it, in early spring.'

'After that we may expect blue-birds.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. S.: 'ah! how fond the children are of blue-birds!'

'Yes, and how thankful we should be that they have such innocent loves.'

'I think,' said Mrs. S., 'children can scarcely develop their natural affections in the city. There is nothing for them to cling to, nothing to awaken their admiration and interest there.'

'Except toy-stores, which certainly do wake up an immense amount of admiration and interest in the small fry, Mrs. S.'

'True, but they are better off with a few occasional presents. I know how happy they are for a short time with them; but I fear me the excitement is not productive of good. Toys produce more strife among the little ones than all the pleasure is worth. For my part, I almost dread to see them come into the house, although I do feel grati-



fied in witnessing the surprise and delight with which they are received by the children.

‘That is a clear case.’

‘If you want to see a picture,’ continued Mrs. S., full of the theme, and putting down her sewing, ‘I think I can show you one worth looking at.’

(One short puff, and one eye shut, expressive of an anxious desire to see the picture.)

Mrs. Sparrowgrass rolled back the library window-shutters, and the flood of white light that poured into the room fairly dimmed the candle on the table. There was the pure white snow; and the round, full moon; and the lustrous stars; and the hazy line of the Palisades; and the long reach of river glistening with a thousand brilliants. For from every point of ice there shone a nebulous light, so that the river seemed a galaxy studded with magnificent planets: and as we stood gazing upon this wondrous scene, we heard the sound of an approaching train, and then, suddenly reddening through the stone arch in the distance, there darted forth into the night, the Iron Meteor with its flaming forehead, and so flying along the curve of the road, thundered by, and was presently heard no more.

I think Mrs. Sparrowgrass rather surpassed herself when she conjured up this splendid vision, for she became very grave and silent.

‘This beautiful scene,’ said I, ‘this glistening river, reminds me of something, of a scientific fact, which, although true in itself, sounds like the language of oriental fable. Did you know, my dear, that those vast Palisades yonder, rest upon beds of jewels?’

‘Beds of jewels?’ echoed Mrs. Sparrowgrass.

‘Yes, my dear, beds of jewels; for these are basaltic rocks of volcanic birth, and at some time were spouted up, from the molten caverns below the crust of the earth, in a fluid state; then they spread out and hardened on the surface; so that if we go to, or a little below, low-water-mark, we shall find the base of them to be the old red sandstone, upon which they rest.

‘I thought,’ replied Mrs. S., ‘they went down very deep in the earth; that they were like all other rocks.’

‘No,’ I answered, ‘they are not *rooted* at all, but only rest upon the top of old red sandstone. Well, in the crevices between the basaltic and sandstone rocks, the mineralogists find the best specimens of amethysts, onyxes, sapphires, agates, and cornelians. And that this is the case with the Palisades, has been often proved at Fort Lee, where the cliffs begin. There the sandstone is visible above ground, and there the specimens have been found imbedded between the strata.’

‘You are sure the idea is not imaginary?’ said Mrs. S.

‘All true, my dear.’

‘Then I shall never think of them in future, without remembering their old jewels; I wonder if they were to tumble down now and expose their riches, whether the amethysts and onyxes would compare with the brightness of those frozen gems?’

‘Certainly not.’ (Shutters close.)

‘And now,’ continued Mrs. Sparrowgrass, ‘I want to show you an-

other picture ;' and with that she lifted the candle and walked softly upstairs before me into the nursery ; there were five little white heads, and ten little rosy-checks, nestled among the pillows, and I felt a proud, parental joy in gazing upon their healthy, happy faces, and listening to their robust breathings.

'These,' said Mrs. S., in a whisper, as she shaded the light, '*are my jewels.*'

'And mine too, Mrs. Sparrowgrass,' said I.

'Yes,' whispered Mrs. S., very seriously, 'and if ever I should be taken away from them, I want you to promise me one thing.'

'Tell me what it is,' said I, very much determined that I would do it, whatever it might be.

'Promise me,' said Mrs. S., that while they are growing up you will keep them from the city ; that their little minds and bodies may be trained and taught by these pure influences ; that, so long as they are under your direction, you will not deprive them of the great privilege they now enjoy — that of living in the country.'

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I M P R O M P T U

ON SEEING A LADY OF UNION-STREET, BROOKLYN, IN A CONSERVATORY WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS,  
WHILE WITHOUT, IN STRANGE CONTRAST, WAS A DREARY WINTER LANDSCAPE.

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I saw a most beautiful vision,  
In winter's dreary hours,  
Tinted with hues Elysian,  
Sporting 'mid birds and flowers.  
A crystal wall, between us,  
Flamed in the light of morn,  
And I thought of royal VENUS,  
Blushing, and ocean-born.

A voice to me was calling,  
'To woo her not endeavor!'  
And I felt like a spirit fallen  
Shut out from Heaven for ever.  
Now, in my midnight dreaming,  
I see her beauty rare:  
Her dark eye brightly gleaming,  
And her silken raven hair.

Without, cold ice and snow  
Were under the poet's feet;  
But this vision gave a glow,  
And a charm to the dreary street.  
That form of beauty never  
Will fade in his darkest hours:  
A sylph he will see for ever  
Sporting 'mid birds and flowers.

W. H. C. H.

## 'P E R A S P E R A A D A S T R A.'

## I.

In the broad world of life and time,  
 Man still must nobly do:  
 Why should his shrinking spirit quail,  
 And his nerveless arm and footsteps fail  
 To bear him bravely through?  
 Invisible at his side  
 Doth an angel-presence glide,  
 And laying on his arm a hand of calm,  
 In accents which infuse  
 Strength as from mid-night dews,  
 Breathes the grand cadence of the old-time psalm:  
 'Per aspera ad astra,'  
 Through rough ways to the stars.

## II.

Through the thick darkness which comes down at noon;  
 Through weakness, doubt, despair;  
 Through the bright isles where Ease, and Wealth, and Pleasure,  
 Charm the weak spirit with a syren-measure,  
 A Circean cup to share;  
 Through pain and shame and strife  
 And sin's dread death-in-life;  
 Through felon Penury's grim dungeon-cell;  
 Through joys and griefs and fears,  
 Hate, treachery, and tears;  
 Through these and more than these press on invincible:  
 'Per aspera ad astra,'  
 Through rough ways to the stars:

## III.

Through rough ways to the stars:  
 If robed in rich brocade,  
 The tangled boughs which round thy pathway bend,  
 With piercing thorn will its soft tissues rend,  
 Like tattered flags displayed;  
 To pause, no still retreat  
 May tempt thy weary feet;  
 For as thy day is, so shall be thy strength:  
 And if at morn or even  
 Thy sun shall set in heaven,  
 Through ceaseless, firm endeavor, the rest is won at length:  
 'Per aspera ad astra,'  
 Through rough ways to the stars.

## IV.

And from those glittering orbs on high,  
 Swift rays shoot down to show  
 By faintest adumbrations here  
 The glories of that cloudless sphere,  
 Faith wins, and toil below.  
 That full and sweet and holy rest,  
 Where the dwellers of the stars are blest:  
 And swells my heart with solemn joy and calm,  
 As through my hushed soul  
 In angel-cadence roll,  
 The anthem-glories of that ancient psalm:  
 'Per aspera ad astra,'  
 Through rough ways to the stars.

ASTA.

## THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY RELATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER FOUR.

IN WHICH MACE GOES TO THREE PARTIES AND A LITERARY RECEPTION.

THERE they are, four free tickets to supper, society, and sentiment, laid out on the table. One in a subdued, pumpkin-colored envelope; one dressed in post-office saffron; one big card, and one little one.

The big card summons me to *Boventhien Van Spuytenyffel's*, in the Fifth Avenue. Widow Twiggles goes in there too. We'll start together at eleven o'clock.

The pumpkin-colored document announces a free fight at Mrs. Alderman Buster's. Nine o'clock.

The little card dead-heads me for the season at Mr. and Mrs. Inkerman's weekly literary saw. Eight o'clock.

The yellow proclaims that Sam Tag's wife upholds a gathering in the Bowery. Time, any time before or after sun-down.

I agitate the tinkler and bring up Jim, giving him orders to air a pair of patent-leathers. I know they're low, but I'll not be the only man at Sam Tag's who is patent-leatherless. And I confide to Jim's brushing, a coat and pants which are not *bran* new. For work like parties, one should go in working clothes. Finally, I look out of the window, and seeing 'the flower youth' about, in *his* patent-leathers and shiny dress-coat, I tell Jim to bring me up the biggest and best bouquet, 'one most all camelias with a good many passion-flowers.' This I send to pretty Widow Twiggles, with compliments. It is now half-past six; time for Tag's. It will take the widow till eleven to dress. I can get through the three before that time, and back to the Astor.

So then, with Jim's aid I am fixed off. 'Sure an it's iligant ye look, Sur, and it's proud the lady may be ——'

'Hold your blarney: every word of your humbug's a sixpence out of your pocket.'

'Och, and I'd spake the blissed truth av it was a goold guinea. Sure an' ye're jist the gentleman that'll ornamint the par-rety to-night, and be useful in ateing up the champagne and madery ——'

'That'll do. Now, Jim, get a good-looking carriage.'

I enter at Tag's. The entry is piled with hats, cloaks, caps, canes, over-shoes, coats, and the Lord knows what, all jammed into the completest 'hurrah's nest.' I prefer intrusting my surplus to the doubtful honesty of Cabbie, rather than plunge it into the certain death of yonder smash. As I open the door, I am nearly knocked down by a tremendous atmosphere of cheap cologne, musk, and a combination of camphene and coal-gas. I rush between two loving couples who, with a desperate effort at sentimental privacy, are seated on the vestibule-

step with their backs to the entry : hear something 'ketch' or tear, and not being naturally smart at remedying accidents, make my appearance on the scene of action, with about two yards of pink illusion ripped from some feminine skirt, picturesquely wreathed around my left leg.

The younger members of the party are engaged in one parlor, playing Copenhagen to the tune of 'A Few Days,' while in the other a by no means spiritless cotillion is being *danced* (not walked) in the old-fashioned style. Round the centre are two broad fringes of old folks, all of them very much at home ; while at the back-door, I catch a squint at an ascending flight of nigger-servant faces, all of them on the broad grin, and evidently getting as much solid comfort out of their outside tickets as any *white pusson* present. A small pocket-edition of a Tag, posted as a look-out, meets me, screaming : 'This here's the way to mammy. Ma-my, here's another gentleman!'

'Law bless ye, Sloper ; I knew you'd come. Waitin' for you, you see ;' and with a hearty laugh Mrs. Tag shook me by the hand. 'Where's that husband o' mine ? I do d'cleer the man's lost ! Ta-ag !' Here Mr. Tag emerged from a jolly group of girls, and approaching gave my hand a regular Alf. Jaell squeeze, *à la* nut-cracker. 'Well, Sloper, how does your corporosity sagaciate ? your most humble-cum-tumble ;' and with a dreadful wink he murmured in a loud 'aside : ' 'Long walk, I s'pose ; just step up-stairs a second. *Try a drop of something permanent !*' And without waiting for remonstrance he hurried me up, followed by a train of friends who evidently knew what was meant by an arrival.

The group of darkies, assembled from all the neighboring kitchens, gave way with great politeness. Tag led me up-stairs to a side-board. 'Brandy, Mr. Sloper ; Rum, Mr. Sloper ; Gin, Mr. Sloper.' To avoid offending Tag (or myself) I try a little 'dark.' 'Shaw ! why you han't got half a drink : *there !* Mr. Sloper, let me introduce ye. Mr. Pipes, Mr. Sloper ; Mr. Sloper, Mr. Pipes ; Mr. O'Rooney, Mr. Sloper ; Mr. Sloper, Mr. O'Rooney ; Mr. Grubbs, Mr. Sloper ; Mr. Sloper, Mr. Grubbs ; Smith, Sloper ; Sloper, Smith ; Hoggins, Sloper ; Slope, Hog'ns ; Buck, Slop'r ; Jim, Slope ; gentlemen, (as a movement of importance became manifest,) '*here's at you !*' And with these words, down went the fire-water with wonderful unanimity.

'Father, Mother wants you right away down 'n the par — ler !' screams a bouncing, pretty Miss of seventeen, opening the door. Pipes, who is a gay bachelor, seizes on her as lawful captive, and pulls her up to the side-board. 'Well, Polly, what'll you drink ? It's *my* treat !'

'I do n't like brandy. I like *wine*,' replies Miss Tag, with fascinating candor. 'And there an't no wine there.'

'Well, Polly, gim' me a kiss.'

'I won't — not till your first birth-day comes round again. An't you 'shamed to pull me that-a-way ?' And with these words Polly bolted, followed by the party of dram-mers.

It is harder work for once in our lives to get down in the world than to go up ; for while we have been imbibing, the cotillion and Copenhagen have concluded, and the entire stairway is covered with affection-

ate couples, most of them seated in the orthodox style, with their arms around each other's waists: the entire company singing with tremendous power of lung:

'Ro-LL on silver mo-on, guide the traveller on his way,  
While the night-ingale's song is in tune;  
Oh! I ne-ver, never more with my true love will stray,  
By the sweet sil-ver light of the moon!

'As the hart on the mountin my lovyer was brave,  
So handsome and manly to view;  
So kind and sincere, and he loved me so dear,  
Oh! my *Edwin* —'

(Varied to 'Jakey,' 'Jimmy,' 'Billy,' or 'Charley,' according to circumstances, and accompanied by a significant glance.)

—no love was so true.'

Mr. Pipes, who is well known as a romp, has his right of exit considerably checked by the girls. A pin thrust into his leg by a young lady produces a prolonged howl of real pain, occasioning a deafening scream of laughter. Finally, on the last step, *Pipes* falls flat, bearing with him in his overthrow Miss Polly Tag, who serves admirably by her plumpness to break the force of his descent.

In the parlor Old M'Dowdle, of Grand-street, insists on introducing me to his 'gals,' Phemy and Elly. Both are quiet and lady-like. Elly is a real blonde beauty: and neither of them seem likely to scream on the stair-case, or play Copenhagen. They look out of place. The young men do n't seem to notice them much; and Polly Tag is a far greater favorite. Young Conkey—who is a clerk in Doolittle's—tries to 'come the agreeable' over Phemy, and she answers him politely. But they are not 'of a sort,' and Conkey feels for the first time in a week that he *can't shine*. The girls try to appear pleased and cheerful, 'to please Pa;' but I fancy that Elly looks sad. Perhaps she is thinking—as I am—of her poor mother, now dead and gone. That poor mother, though of one of our F. F's, was poor indeed when she married rich M'Dowdle. The girls have relatives in 'the upper circles,' whom they see once a year, formally. Very pleasantly situated in society are the Misses M'Dowdle. But I am glad to hear that they are going, after awhile, to Alderman Buster's. Well, we'll meet again.

A young gentleman of Filibuster aspect, and who is an amateur performer on the banjo, has brought out his instrument, and after a little 'mock modesty,' proceeds to favor the company with a song, in one note, and which soon reminds one of the buzzing of a bee. Amid breathless admiration he sings:

'I WENT down town the other day,  
And there I saw a man I say,  
He sot down and tried to pray,  
And I got up and went away.  
Hoop! cheep! (A loud scream.)  
Pollywiddle buster,  
Whoop! cheep!  
Walk along John!'



An overpowering roar of applause rewards this lyrical effort, amid which I silently escape 'without leave and alone.'

The moon is light as a cork. The carriage waits; but I linger a minute to enjoy the 'out-of-doors.' Never knew before what fresh air was. Along Grand-street into Broadway. It's like plunging into a bath of life. Gas-light, shops, thousands of promenaders, steps, and voices. There goes a free fight on the pavement, lit up by the camphene-gin of some corner grocery: to be quenched to-morrow in the Tombs.

Inkerman's. Leave my fixings in the wardrobe-room, and listen meanwhile to others at the same business of 'peeling.' 'Seen the KNICKERBOCKER?' 'Yes; devilish good Table.' 'Is that book of yours out yet?' 'No, Scrib's getting up the plates now.' 'Saw you last night at the Lyceum; how are you getting on with Miss Fitz-Asterisk?' 'She says she'll play my tragedy, if I'll cut it down to a half. See her ruined first: and *then* I wont.' 'Who's here to-night?' 'Oh! its uncommonly big-buggy. Prince Poslifskey, on his travels; Rev. Ananias Longbow, who had his arm and leg eaten up by his parishioners among the Fejees. Fairy Flowery the poetess, and Diggy the ——' 'Mr. Porgle, I believe that I have already had the pleasure of ——' 'By Jove, here's Yell!' 'Yell, my dear boy, *wee kates*? I hear that there's so much genius in your last composition that when some body laid a copy of it on Miss Diddle's piano, the unfortunate instrument gave one groan and burst into a thousand flinders.' '*Be Gott, it is drue!*' 'Did you read my last poem?' 'Have you seen my article in the ——' 'I will send you my paper containing ——'

Got out of hearing of the young men. Go up-stairs. Salute Mrs. Inkerman. *Do.*, Mr. Inkerman. Observe four close crowds, jams, or miniature mobs, one in each corner of the room, greatly resembling the bunches which coagulate in Broadway round a man in a fit, or about a dead Irishman. Find out that they are gathered around the four lions of the *soirée*, namely: First, *Prince Poslifskey*, who appears greatly amazed at his apotheosis. Second, *Rev. Ananias Longbow*, who is detailing the particulars of the dinner, where his arm and leg were eaten by the Fejees, who by a refinement of cruelty compelled him on the occasion to sit at the head of the table and say grace. Third, *Diggy*, the great Englishman. Fourth, *Fairy Flowery*, the poetess. Here and between is a miscellaneous group, all talking and all jolly.

'*How did you like Tag's?*' whispers a voice in my ear. I turn and behold Hiram Twine, 'about' as usual.

'I saw you, Mace; you did n't see me, hey? Your uncle bolted when you went up for a nip. Great party, that and this. Pretty girl that in the black fixings and white arrangements, with blue doings!'

'Does *she* write?'

'A few, I should say. Your uncle read the proofs of her first novel. Oh! but is n't she a screamer on the pathetic! She begun in the mince-pie line, and then ——'

'Hiram, what the black bottle is the mince-pie line?'

'Do n't you know? Well then, your uncle'll elucidate it. What the literary people call *mince-pie*, is juvenile books, conundrums, and

strings of jokes and anecdotes for the weeklies. Next to mince-pie comes the *confectionery*, or articles on pictures, music, and other upper-crust puffery. That virgin there does the confectionery for two papers.'

'What, that pretty child?'

'Lord bless you; girls are turning up Jack everywhere now among the types. *Je-rusalem!* there goes Fibber at the piano. When I last saw him he was killing a nigger with a cheese-knife, on the Guinea coast. There's no end to that chap's accomplishments. He wrote a book of travels last year, and had to invent every item in it. His own adventures were so wonderful, that nobody would have believed one of 'em. But come, your uncle's going to introduce you to Fairy Flowery, the poetess.'

I am introduced to Fairy Flowery, and to all the lions in quick succession. I listen to a black-eyed belle, who keeps up a running fire of puns, jokes, and sallies which would make her fortune if she had half of them in a book; and I finally lose myself in a party of old bricks who, under pretence of 'looking at the picture,' are keeping up a small stag-party of their own at the end of the room. In this group, a man might, if so minded, become posted up on every subject, from the price of Julius Cæsar's cook's breast-pin, or the Hebrew for Wig-Wag, down to the next move in the Cabinet. If you want to know *any* thing, put in and win, for now's your chance. There is n't a prince or potentate on his golden throne, or a starving nigger in Cow-Bay, who has n't got at least one acquaintance among that dozen or fifteen literati. Under cover of this immense multitude I delapse into the entry, and 'tortle off.'

I find Hiram in the street blaspheming at his cab, which, like the Dutchman's hen, has turned up missing. I ask him, 'Whither goest thou?' and as it appears to be *Buster's*, I trundle him in.

'Your uncle 'goes in' at Buster's for supper. He saw Buster yesterday getting a prime lot of terrapins — splendid pieces of shell-work; a count-and-a-half all round. Your uncle's got three parties yet before him, and wants a lick at the provender before he goes out into the wilderness. Let her *bile!*'

Halt at Buster's. Hiram inquires of the grinning darkey who opens the door, if 'supper's ready;' and being told 'not quite yit, Marst' Twine,' he gives the nigger half-a-dollar and an injunction to 'get up one lot of salad, with plenty of pepper in it!'

'Your uncle generally carries his own Cayenne to parties,' said Hiram, as we entered the dressing-room. 'He keeps it in a little silver *vinegar-et* box, and peppers it out of the holes where the perfume comes through. The other night, young Sol Aarons saw the box sticking out of your uncle's vest, and without 'by your leave,' he hauled it out and took a good long smell. Cayenne is n't *good* snuff, and they *do* say that he sneezed his eyes out. Beside, the red-spice is good in a free fight; *uncommon* good! But I forgot it to-night.'

The crowd in the dressing-room at Buster's is 'promiscuously impartial,' according to Hiram. Very large lot of very young boys all very much alike and all very grave. Another selection of youths somewhat

older, who are gassing and chaffing very noisily. Above these are the grown-up bloods, who are grave again, while last of all are the jolly old cocks, who have just had some brandy, and who go off regularly once a minute in a tremendous all-round *guffaw*. Hiram knows every body: a great many of 'em know me. Wonder why Lymerly Brickin, who was so easy and off-hand in the store this morning, is so stiff and polite now? Why, he's dressed up; that's why. Wonder why Old Crusty-smash, who never could speak civilly even to a bank-president, smiles so sweetly and takes such immense pains to get hold of my hand. *Dressed up and at a party*: great reason for a difference, an't it? Wonder why Timberly Duddle, who sees me three times a day without ever alluding to my brother Mad, all at once becomes so close set to know how the absent gentleman is. Dressed up — *dressed up*! That green-grass-velvet waistcoat with chocolate gravel-walk borders always sets Timberly to doing the *com eel foe*, and his idea of the *com eel foe* is to ask after people's relations. But though every body here is doing the *com eel* as strong as ever it can be mixed, I can see that Tag's flower-garden lies next to Buster's, and that a great many of the pumpkin-vines belonging to the former have meandered over into the alderman's diggings. Likewise I see a great many rummy weeds which seem to belong to the public road — as they *do*; for Buster 'has to keep up his political influence,' (to the endless shame of his family,) and his friends of 'The Tin-Pot' are ticklish colts, and require oceans of feeding and currying, to say nothing of 'accommodation' and brandy-and-water.

'LORD, what a jam!' We're in the parlor. Rush, crush, squish and brush! What an eternal clatter of voices! The air is as highly spiced here as at Taggs'; but it's three quarters hot-house bouquets, and less patchouli, in this establishment. I advance ten steps through the squirming, jostling mob. A very pretty and very plump female stranger is squeezed face to face to me. I bend my head back with a tremendous effort to keep our faces from being pressed into a sandwich. I feel distinctly that another lady's cameo breast-pin is making a seal, in between my shoulders, and I can count some body's seven waistcoat buttons against my side. In wild despair, to save my life and the lady *visy-vees* I cast my arms around her, and suffering the infuriate multitude to squeeze my face against hers, I exclaimed:

'In-deed Miss — beg pardon — 't an't my fault.'

'Oh — Sir — oh — I know it can't be helped — oh-o-oh!'

The music 'lounds up,' and without your leave I polka the lady out of the crowd, and stand her up against a vacant column. I find Mrs. Buster, who is in a radiant halloo of fine-cut glory, on the strength of having had *all* her invitations accepted, and of actually gathering the Van Skiters into her house. Mrs. Buster's mission on earth and sole duty of woman for the last five years has been to get hold of the Van Skiters. Alone she *could not* do it. But BUSTER (who now appears to her a demi-god) did. Yes; Buster and his money and the Tin-Pot and some mysterious machinery which Mrs. Buster don't understand, (and which it is very well she don't,) have brought the Van Skiters up to toe the mark. *Buster* fixed it! From this day forth Buster may come

home drunk when he pleases, or if he should take a fancy, may throw a Sevres vase at her head, or chase the child with a red-hot poker. All will be forgiven. He need only say Van Skjter, and Mrs. B. would pardon him even if he bore all the sins of all his brother aldermen on his head.

Hear the chatter round us! 'Beautiful weath ——' 'Error, my dear girl — an error. Lovely woman should never stoop to a marrying folly under fifty thous ——' 'And where has you been so long, dear Augustus James' —— 'Smith, let me intro' —— 'Deuce take it; what the thunder did you mean by makin' me smash that ere China' —— 'Where do you keep the rum, Waiter, sa-y, that's a clever' —— 'Feller! get off that lady's fixins!' 'And common doins like as he is has no biziness in sich society — that's my i' —— 'dear Julia, if you love me, meet me to-morrow-noon at the corner of the Park' —— 'Place No. 3 — *c'est la mon*' —— 'Cherished idol, shall we face the music and dance' —— 'A Polka, did you say, Simblon — No — that's *tres* low flung, *excessivement* or'nery.'

I admire as much of the upholstery as I can get a squint at. Every thing is expensive and bran new, including the antique pictures and vases. Not being smart myself, I can't criticise, but I hear a man who *ought to know* say something about 'bad taste.' I fancy Widow Twiggles could get a parlor up in better style for half the money. Hiram comes along and introduces me to seven young men, all exactly alike, three clergymen who do not greatly differ, four ladies who talk in the same style on the same topics, and two old gentlemen whom I mistake for one another. I get delirious with the clatter, I mistake a gambler for a missionary, ask Mrs. Toplofty when the balloon's coming down, and have thoughts of telling a Temperance editor that he looks as solemncholly as if punch had riz. There is a *tremendous* sort of swing in the crowd, and something like a jolly funeral begins to travel out of doors. I wildly capture a bit of muslin with a girl in it, and join the ranks. The girl and I talk with neck-and-neck velocity. There is another awful jam in the ante-room; but my good angel places me near a table full of 'flush,' lemonade, wines, cakes, coffee, and ice-water. I hand the muslin with the girl in it a pint-mug of lemonade, and do twice as much for myself out of the great bowl of claret-punch. Respect for the *conveniences* of society alone prevents me from putting my head into it like a horse, and draining it dry.

The supper is splendor above par! 'Great chance for grub!' says a youth at my left. 'Muslin' says she'll take a faint shade of terrapins. Easier said than done. Twenty-two waiters rushing around like enraged hornets. Champagne popping already. Crash — chip-bang go four dozen plates. I get hold of the ladle: some body gives me a knock, and the terrapin-eggs and soup fly up to the ceiling like a fountain. Try it again. Awful battle for a fork! Grand display of ice-cream all over my pantaloons, and brilliant effects of water-ice in my hair and sleeves! Single combat for a biscuit, each forager being armed with a 'split spoon!' Carry off the booty to the muslin. Grand tableau of the victor-knight bending low and presenting the spoils (half-spoiled) to beauty!

Return to the conflict ; see Hiram in all his glory ; hear him ask an old gentleman who has got a bottle of champagne for ‘ a little of that beer, Sir, if you please.’ Old gentleman in horror and disgust sets down the bottle, and we divide it between us. Take a glass to Muslin. Drink to the success of her bright eyes in business, and try another ‘ funnel ’ to the ditto of lips. Get her some more terrapin — a plate of fried oysters — a little more wine — just one little glass — now just for *my* sake do — some chicken-salad — to the health of absent friends, only one drop, one *leetle* drop — a wing of a quail — now really, can’t I prevail on beauty with wine ? — then I must drink to you — harlequin ice ? — Charlotte Russe — Mr. Sloper, here ’s to you ! What, can’t find a glass — pshaw ! man, take a tumbler ; it improves the flavor ; pop ! goes the weasel ! *Gopple-opple-opple* sings the ‘ Jersey ’ as it comes foaming and crowding out of the bottle. ‘ Hide-seek,’ *of* course,’ says Jeebus ; ‘ cause every body seeks for it and always seems to be hiding.’ Immense, incalculable yells of applause, and Jeebus at once grows a foot. There *really* now *never* was a better joke. Go it ! and let ’s have up t’ other bottle !

Buster is ripe as a clam, and makes splendid head-way in ‘ burning a very beautiful kiln.’ As he is taking about two smiles in a minute, his prospects are highly encouraging. Bolt up at the head of the table, with a crowd of ‘ jolly companions every one,’ stands the rosy alderman. ‘ Help yourself, gentlemen, help yourselves ! Waiter, get this gentleman every thing in the house he wants. Mr. Sloper, if you or any of your friends *ever* want a *good* bottle of wine any day or any hour, ’member all I got ’s at your call. Any body want a dozen forks or sp-spoons, please pocket ’em, *I* do n’t want ’em ! I got plenty er spoons, *plenty* er spoons — and cups and sassers too ! Gen’lemen, you re all my children, ’cos I ’m a City Father — *haw ! haw ! haw !* (Immense chorus of *ha ! ha !*) ‘ I want to nuss all my children fust rate, so I recommend bringing ’em up by *bottles* ! Waiter, a dozen ’er wine for these babes. Them as prefers *breast* may let into this bone-turkey ! *Haw ! haw ! haw ! haw !*’ Here a hurricane of applause went up from the multitude, and I took Muslin back to the parlor.

‘ Nearly eleven ! *Check-er-eebus !*’ I rush to my cab, and by dint of a loud bribe get started down the street at a two-forty pace. *Come, now !* — there ’s some fun left in the world yet. The cool air takes the edge off the wine, I ’m all right, and the way Cabbie clips it is a caution to cornets. Whang, bang, slap ! *Do n’t* we go it over the Russ ? The Astor, by Jehosaphat !

In exactly three minutes I change my ice-creamy clothes. Wonder if the widow ’s ready ? Up to the present I have always sent a servant to her door. But Buster’s ‘ Jersey beer ’ is a wonderful enlightener. Stop in person. ‘ Come in !’ cries the voice.

‘ Can this apparition of amber-tinted hallelujah-angelic splendor be the Widow Twiggles ? Can dress and pins and hair-brushes carry humanity to such a pitch ? Is it possible that I, Mace Sloper, am to take that vision of loveliness to a party ?’

The widow enjoyed my mute admiration for a few seconds, and, thanking me for the bouquet, gathered up the voluminous folds of her

dress in order to depart. 'Well, that is a model foot, any how,' thought I, as a very delicate slipper, and *rather* more trimmings than gentle men are apt to see before they're married, came for an instant to light. I carry the bouquet. 'Stop! I declare I forgot to put on my carriage-shoes.' Of course I volunteer to put 'em on, and of course I do it. Finally with beating hearts (I'll swear to mine) we are anchored in the carriage.

Well; it was n't bad riding from *Buster's*; but there's a solemn splendor about going in *this* style to Van Spuytentyfel's, which tops the lightning-rods. Talk about champagne — it's all very well to begin on, but to fairly swim in the cream of the sky, nor envy Elijah his seat, one should be alongside of something of this sort. 'I'm not the smartest man in the world,' thought I; 'but cut my straps and let me go to glory, if I believe that more than one improvement can be made on this!'

'Why are you so silent?' asks Amelia Twiggles, of Ohio.

'Because,' said I; 'perfect happiness is dumb.'

'Have you had any thing to be happy on?' she inquired.

'Yes,' said I; 'your feet in my hands.'

This brought us up to Van Spuytentyfel's. It was well that it did.

A cab comes rattling up, and as Amelia precedes along the entry, a gentleman slides up-side of me. '*Mace*,' says he in a soft tone, 'you're a brick, and are in the right line.' I look around, and behold Hiram Twine.

I am not over and above smart at judging of things, but I feel that in *this* house matters are done up *à la* decent. We pass through a splendid hall shaded with a wilderness of flowery plants. Hiram says it's in better taste than Lord Somebody's in London. Amelia has vanished into some dressing-seraglio, while Hiram and I turn into the Stag-hall where masculines leave their extras. Here are a few of Inker-man's guests, intermingled with gentlemen who were *not* at Buster's. There is *not* a majority of small boys here, or of vacant fops, because Van Spuytentyfel's is *not* merely a respectable dance-house, nor has it a smashing character as a restaurant, though Hiram insinuates that for really *good* wine Old Van can't be beaten.

'Mace,' resumes Hiram, 'stick to the widow. *She's a good lot*. Your uncle's been in Ohio, and knows the ropes: *You* do n't know it, and *she* don't know it as yet, but there's an awful load of spoons going to descend on her devoted head. Your uncle drew up the will. *Mum's* the word. Relations are rum customers. *Old* uncles have queer fancies. Keep the egg warm, and some day it'll hatch out a big turkey. *Nuf ced* — go it!'

This '*go it*' was whispered as I rejoined the widow. We enter the parlor.

The house is not jammed. There is room and to spare. Beautiful Twiggles floats like a cloud of summer up to Mrs. Van Spuytentyfel, who represents the central sun. Mrs. Van herself is an elderly angel, and welcomes us with lady-like cordiality. I see Mrs. Dycton, of Philadelphia, whom I met last summer at Long-Branch. Her brother wel-



comes the Twiggles; they all welcome Twiggles, who is greatly beloved throughout America. I am introduced to two Philadelphia gentlemen. They are quiet, neat, and refined. At most New-York parties, Philadelphians remind one of Daniel in the Lions' Den: not alarmed, for they feel that the protecting hand of PROVIDENCE is over them, but still not by any means intrusive. But at Mrs. Van's they appear right side up. There is nobody there to tell them that they live in a one-horse village with the valve off; and every body knows that to elevate humanity, all you have to do is to stop badgering and bully-ragging it!

I drop around, talking to some people and listening to others. Not being by any means the most intelligent, (or as I hope, the most conceited man in the world,) I can't help feeling sorry that I'm not better posted-up on books, pictures, marble carvings, and such and similar. I notice that the people here do n't talk about *other* people, and that even among the ladies, marriages and engagements, relationships and fortunes do n't form the entire staple. But here, Widow Twiggles is my comfort. *She* can talk any thing, from the Greek Slave down to a paving-stone, and from *The New-York Herald* up to the BIBLE. She draws me out and shows me off to advantage as a salesman shows off his goods.

Though not one of your smart sort, I'm not entirely dumb, and can shine a little when rubbed, particularly when a pretty woman is the wash-leather! Well, there are not more than two or three places like Spuytentyfel's, even in New-York. But if Mace Sloper, of the Revolutionary stock of Chippety-Whonk, ever *has* a family of his own, he only trusts from the very bottom-log of his soul that it may be a first-chop, no discount establishment like this, where every body talks as if he minded his own business.

There are cords of people in New-York as rich, as well-educated, and of as good family as the Spuytentyfels, whose parties are just about on a par with Buster's; that is to say, Tag's with a little money in it and a quarter's schooling. And there are also a choice and blessed few who though their names are not generally chalked among the 'elevated sawbucks,' still get up among themselves social benders which when found are generally made a note on, long after the recollection of Tag and Buster's free blow-outs has been sponged from the slate of memory.

Come now — this is a supper to be easy at, and not a scramble to fight in. The widow *eats*; well, some men do n't like to see ladies eat, but I *do*; for to my mind an appetite is twice as poetical as a dyspepsia. Hiram is right about Van's wine. Every thing is right.

Mace Sloper is no poet, not being one of that gifted sort. If he was, he would compose a psalm on the ride home in the carriage, ending with the moon-light glory and honey-dew sparkle of Twiggles' eyes as she bade him good-night and went to roost.

Well; it's over, and I smoke myself to slumber. A bad habit that of smoking in bed — y — es — aw — LORD — how — slee — py I am! Well — per-haps some day — or some night ra-ther — I sha n't be allowed to — smoke — smo — ke — smoke — my-self — to — to slee — p! Ye — es? — *Good-Night!*

## S K A T I N G :   A   W I N T E R   S C E N E .

## I.

WHAT a bustle, what a shout !  
Every village boy is out  
On the ice :  
Some are skating to-and-fro,  
Some are marking in the snow  
Queer device.

## II.

Here and there a rosy girl  
Is waiting for a whirl  
As they pass :  
For of falling there's no fear,  
Since the ice is smooth and clear —  
Smooth as glass.

## III.

There is handsome little NED  
With his sister on his sled,  
Skating by :  
While JOE and BILLY BRACE  
Both are striving in a race :  
How they fly !

## IV.

Nimble BILLY BRACE will beat :  
But the ice is such a cheat,  
He is down —  
In the water to his chin :  
Can the little fellow swim ?  
Will he drown ?

## V.

No ! the boys have fished him out  
With many a noisy shout,  
And they say :  
'Simple BILLY, have a care  
How you venture out too far  
In the bay.'

## VI.

But the distant village chime  
Of bells is striking nine,  
And they all  
Hasten home, with noisy shout,  
Running nimbly on the route,  
Great and small.

## VII.

May I never grow so old,  
And have sympathies so cold  
As to hate  
The bustle and the noise  
Made by the village boys  
When they skate !

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE NEWS: A POEM. By GEORGE H. CLARK. Pamphlet Form: pp. 49. Hartford, Conn.: Published by F. A. BROWN.

AN old correspondent, 'JOHN HONEYWELL,' says in a preliminary note to this lively and matter-full poem: 'About an hour's worth of this Poem was spoken before a Hartford audience, at the request of the Young Men's Institute. The author, for divers reasons, felt impelled to omit a portion of it in the delivery. The reader, for different, but to him equally satisfactory motives, may possibly feel inclined to omit a much larger portion.' Not if he is of *our* way of thinking, he will not: for if once he begins it, he will assuredly keep on to its close. We shall present a few passages, culled from 'here and there,' and let *them* indicate what '*The News*' is:

'THE NEWS! It needs a double set of chimes  
To ring the changes on the passing times.  
When morning's dues to toilet claims are paid,  
The daily paper must be next surveyed.  
With eager glance we run the columns through,  
Skip the old jokes and fly to what is new;  
Rush like a rocket through the leaded lines,  
Where editorial dulness feebly shines,  
And at one mouthful seize the charming square,  
Which last night's telegraph filtered through the air;  
Those taking paragraphs, condensed and curt,  
That tell us twelve were killed, and forty hurt;  
Announce tremendous news from foreign lands,  
That almost shakes the paper from your hands.  
Its half-a-column spreads before your eyes  
Astounding facts, and more astounding lies:  
One look conveys you over half the globe,  
One dip suffices Europe's heart to probe:  
Profoundest secrets from star-chambers ooze  
And lie before you, labelled 'latest news!'

'Or should the reader mingle with such flocks,  
His restless eye falls on the price of stocks;  
Doubtful, to part with those he now has got,  
Or plunge still deeper for a larger lot:  
A speculative vein pervades his soul,  
As ten-foot strata do a mine of coal;  
But how his sympathetic soul will shrink,  
When the great coal-vein dwindles into ink:  
His purse collapses, as if wrenched with pain;  
He blames the brokers — and begins again!'

Here is another phase of 'the news,' which business-men in cities will at least understand, and which is not of the most pleasant kind in the world, particularly of a very hot day in mid-summer :

'THE news, that vibrates on the human heart,  
Of our existence forms a goodly part;  
The earnest tension which it lends to nerves  
A double purpose to the system serves;  
We know its strange effects upon the mind;  
Makes some men see, and some men very blind.  
But it goes further, and a drop of ink,  
Adroitly used, makes precious metals sink.  
For instance, Banks — excuse me if I'm wrong —  
As telegraphs decide are weak or strong.  
I don't mean 'banks whereon the wild thyme grows,'  
Nor fishing-banks — nor banks of winter snows;  
But banks that discount, and that issue bills,  
Those interesting, check-reined paper-mills.  
If Wall-street skies are slightly overcast,  
Our chilled directors feel the icy blast;  
Let but a gale rouse Wall-street's hungry sharks,  
And country-cousins spread their nets for larks.  
The money-dealers instigate a fright,  
And all is wrong that yesterday was right.

'Some honest dealer wants a little loan:  
His paper's good, the surety well known:  
With blandest tones that SHYLOCK might beguile,  
And smiling face — all needy borrowers smile!  
He states his case, and waits with hat in hand,  
For the amount — the avails — you understand.  
But oh! the change in his lugubrious face!  
The smile is nipped — a scowl is in its place;  
He hears the words: 'We're very short to-day;  
All over-drawn, and called upon to pay:  
Our circulation too, comes back so fast,  
We must prepare to meet the coming blast;  
You've read the tidings by the telegraph?  
Of course we don't believe them more than half;  
And yet the news looks very, very bad;  
If we had funds of course we should be glad:  
But — but — in short *we're* short! hard up, my friend,  
And really have no money left to lend:  
It goes against our feelings to refuse,  
But then this morning's mails bring such bad news!'

'And so our bothered borrower turns away,  
Wondering how he his blessed note shall pay:  
Moreover thinking — folks, you know, will think!  
How short a time it takes for gold to shrink.  
The man has heard of shipwrecked Argosies,  
Of untold hoards whelmed in the gulping seas;  
Of fires that in a single night consumed  
The wealth of cities, ne'er to be exhumed.  
Such are the cases he can comprehend,  
The value was destroyed — and so an end:  
But why a rumor, or a startling fact,  
Should like a grand annihilator act,  
Collapsing bank-vaults, burying their gold,  
Ere yet the breath that brought the news is cold,  
Requires more explanation. So, with brow  
Half-sad, half-pensive, he repeats his bow,  
Hastens to leave so poor a neighborhood;  
Walks down the street in meditative mood,  
And wishes from his soul, a lightning stroke  
Had fused the wires and the connection broke,  
So that the news might thus have been delayed  
Until new discounts his old note had paid.'

JEWELRY AND THE PRECIOUS STONES. By HIPONAX ROSET. Philadelphia: JOHN PENNINGTON AND SON.

How many objects there are which we encounter at every turn in everyday life, and which interest us, which we see, give, and take with pleasure, yet of which we know literally nothing. How many curiosities are there, say, for instance, of confectionery, which in their invention evoked the ingenuity of dukes, prime-ministers, and royal favorites, yet which are seldom spoken of save with regard to their intrinsic qualities. And yet, as HEINE remarks, 'How much more delicious does a dish taste when we are familiar with its historical associations!' So with clothing, and so with gems, which, in the volume before us, really seem to acquire an additional lustre by the glittering, vivid descriptions of the author.

'*Jewelry and Precious Stones*' is a work which, though from the quaint and curious learning which it contains, merits a place among the curiosities of literature, is still a book which must meet with an extensive sale, because it so abundantly fulfils the bookseller's requisition of being devoted to a subject which interests every one, and from treating it in a familiar style which comes home to every reader. Is there a lady who, if 'posted up' on the history and quality of the gems which she wears, would be likely to forget such facts, or to repeat them when exhibiting her '*parure*?' Or is there a gentleman in these days of *renaissance* of sleeve-buttons and of shirt-studs, who would not like to be able to give a few anecdotes in society relative to gems? What an opportunity does a little information of the kind give to draw attention to his own brilliants and display his own brilliancy! How many a youth, desperately hunting around for a subject for small talk, might feel himself armed and equipped were he but posted up on the contents of the work to which we refer, and in which HIPONAX ROSET, with the tact of a true ladies' man, has narrated just what must please the ladies on this all-important subject!

We remember years ago to have met with the following in the '*Odd Volume*,' which illustrates most aptly the nature of the contents of the work to which we refer. HIPONAX ROSET, as the author of '*Jewelry and Precious Stones*,' anagrammatically calls himself, must have had the following in his mind's eye, else is it a prophecy:

'A HINT TO JEWELLERS. — It is surprising that our jewellers, who deal in the precious things of this world, should, at the same time, deal so little in sentiment, never calling up the wonder-working aid of fancy. They sell us rings, bracelets, diadems, cestuses, and so on, composed of rare stones, without once alluding to their allegories, relations, or symbols. Now no less a personage than POPE INNOCENT himself may be said to give them a precedent for the future exercise of their genius; for when CARDINAL LANGTON was made Archbishop of Canterbury, by the intrigues of the POPE, whose creature he was, in despite of KING JOHN, to appease the latter, his holiness presented him with four golden rings, set with precious stones; and enhanced the value of the gift, by informing him of the many mysteries implied in it. 'He begged of him (JOHN) to consider seriously the *form* of the rings, their *number*, their *matter*, and their *colors*. Their *form*, he said, being round, shadowed out eternity, which had neither beginning nor

end; and he ought thence to learn his duty of aspiring from earthly objects to heavenly, from things temporal to things eternal. The *number*, four, being a square, denoted steadiness of mind, not to be subverted either by adversity or prosperity, fixed for ever on the firm basis of the four cardinal virtues. *Gold*, which is the matter, being the most precious of metals, signified wisdom, which is the most precious of all accomplishments, and justly preferred, by SOLOMON, to riches, power, and all exterior attainments. The blue *color* of the sapphire represented faith; the verdure of the emerald, hope; the redness of the ruby, charity; and the splendor of the topaz, good works.' Now if by these conceits his holiness, POPE INNOCENT, (who was not in the jewelry *line*), endeavored to repay JOHN for one of the most important prerogatives of his crown, which he had ravished from him, then how much more does it behove RUNDALL and BRIDGE, HAMLET, JEFFERIES, and others, (with whom, alas! *we* have little dealings,) to leave off calling a ring a *ring*, and to call up all those associations of thought, that display of imagination, in the display of their goods, wherein the purchaser may receive more satisfaction, and the seller an extra fifty per cent!'

In '*Jewelry and the Precious Stones*,' the reader will find precisely the kind of information signed for by the humorist above cited. Not only does the author give the history, chemical qualities, and tables for calculating the value of gems, but dipping into the abstruser mysteries of his favorites, he regales us with the quaint superstitions which in old times attached to them. The book is well written, by a profound scholar, evidently *con amore*, and will in our opinion be found a desirable gift, either by itself or as a companion to a set of jewels.

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MEN AND TIMES OF THE REVOLUTION: OF MEMOIRS OF ELKANAH WATSON: including Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from 1797 to 1842: with his Correspondence with Public Men, and Reminiscences and Incidents of the Revolution. Edited by his Son, WINSLOW C. WATSON. In one volume: pp. 460. New-York: DANA AND COMPANY.

THIS work rolls back the tide of years, and almost places the reader in the very shoes of the writer. It is a volume of wonderful interest, not only from the deeds and events recorded, but from the admirably graphic and simple *manner* in which they are presented. Mr. WATSON, from the age of nineteen to near the close of his life, which was protracted to more than four-score years, was in the habit of recording his observations of men and incidents, as the events occurred to which they relate. This period embraced the epoch of the *War of Independence*, and of those amazing mutations which have marked the transformation of independent colonies into a mighty nation; and of a rude and sequestered wilderness into a territory teeming with beauty, cultivation, and affluence. In Europe and in America he was in the midst of the scenes of this pregnant era, an intimate associate with many of the individuals who impelled or guided these changes, and a vigilant observer of the occurrences connected with their development.

Much of the memoir, or journal, was revised by the elder WATSON; and his son appears to have continued his labors with almost equal success. The extraordinary and perilous journey of Mr. WATSON, in the very crisis of the Revolution, from Massachusetts to Georgia; his subsequent expedition from New-England to North-Carolina, soon after its termination; his travels, at a later period, in newly-occupied territories; and his explorations of dis-



tricts almost in their primeval condition, opened to him capacious fields of observation and reflection. His journals reflect, during these events, his daily impressions, formed by occurrences as they eventuated. They contain a critical exhibition of the state of the country, the aspect of society, the modes of intercourse, the existing prospects, the population and condition of cities and villages, the industrial pursuits, the commerce and internal communications of the country, recorded at the time, and from personal inspection : and no similar memorial of that period is in existence.

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MANUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY : or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1856. In one volume: pp. 388. Boston : GOULD and LINCOLN, Washington-street.

THIS closely-printed and compendious volume exhibits the most important discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Meteorology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, etc. : together with a list of recent scientific publications ; a classified list of patents ; obituaries of eminent scientific men ; notes on the progress of science during the year 1855, etc. The editor is DAVID A. WELLS, 'A. M.,' author of 'The Year-Book of Agriculture,' and other works of a kindred character, which have met with general acceptance. It will be seen that this is a very ample store-house of various and important information ; no small proportion of which was elicited at the seventh annual and ninth regular 'Association for the Promotion of Science,' held at Providence, Rhode-Island, in August last. Among the thousand-and-one discoveries and inventions mentioned and described, we remark one entitled '*Steam Applied to Music*,' the 'handy' work of Mr. JOSHUA C. STODDARD, of Worcester, (Mass.) But, as in the case of the attempts which have been made to steal from us the profit and fame of our '*Self-Regulating Back-Action Hen-Persuader*,' this invention is an infringement of another and similar one, which was taken out, by 'specification,' a good while ago (and for a long time to come!) by 'OLLAPOD,' in the last number of the '*Ollapodiana Papers*,' printed in this Magazine sixteen years ago the present month. Mr. STODDARD affirms that the instrument is now complete. The locomotive can 'play upon its pipes,' as also the ocean-steamer's engine ; and upon the water, 'it can be heard from ten to twenty-five miles, and every note will be perfect and full.' With a key-board, the slightest touch can operate it, so that a child may play slow or quick tunes upon it with ease. Now for the first hint of this wonderful invention, read the extract quoted in the last sub-section of *Ollapodiana* from the '*New-Babylon Observer and Register of the World*' for May the seventeenth, nineteen hundred and forty. There was a terrible accident happened from the different tunes played by two locomotives, one of which departed from the directions given in the *Tune-Table* by the superintendent. The passage is too long to quote in this place, but as a specimen of the progress of steam, and of future scientific 'improvements,' of various wonderful kinds, it is well worthy of being looked up, and 'when found, made a note of.'

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A REMONSTRANCE AGAINST 'BABY-CARS.' — Our bachelor correspondent, who proposed a '*Baby-car*' for all rail-road trains, has raised a hurricane of homets about his ears! We would n't stand in his shoes for a 'large sum of gold.' Communications, some in manuscript, othersome clipped from newspapers, pour in upon us. 'I wonder,' says a lady-writer in an Illinois newspaper, the '*La Salle County Journal*,' 'if the EDITOR has not made a mistake about the writer's being a *Western* correspondent;' claiming that there are no such curmudgeons in that love-making and marrying region. She scouts the idea of 'coping up babies like little animals,' and wonders our correspondent 'did n't suggest the idea of having *little cages* to put them in!' She goes on to add: 'He says, '*a prettily-dressed child, with a clean face, is decidedly pleasant: he rather likes such an one.*' 'Prettily dressed!' — how prosy! Now every body knows the little cherubs are prettier without *any* dressing at all: and you and I know, Mr. Editor, and so does 'OLD KNICK,' that a child never looks half so 'cunning' as when his face is just a *little* smutty. This nervous old bachelor,' she continues, 'complains that travelling babies are *restless*, and want to go here, there and everywhere, except just where they are or where they ought to be, and then cry because they can't. Why, don't he know that it is to this same *wanting-to-get-everywhere-ative* temperament of our people, both little and big, that we owe the prosperity of our country? Had n't it been for this very thing, COLUMBUS would never have discovered America.' The following point is, we think, well taken: although a friend says a car known to be a '*Bachelor's Car*,' would be so run down by old maids and young maidens trying to get in, or 'get a look,' that the occupants would be harried to death, and finally be obliged to quit travelling by rail: 'Now, if you please, *I* want to make a suggestion: and it is *this*: that upon all the railways in this land or any other, east or west, north or south, there be a '*Bachelor-car* provided, into which all crusty bachelors shall be thrust; and never let them dare to show their faces inside of any other: and the worst wish I have to bestow upon this bachelor-car is, that no sunny-haired, rosy-cheeked little innocent may ever lighten its interior: that no tiny footstep may ever patter through its aisle; that no musical little voice may ever echo therein.' A hard punishment, *that* would be! Our correspondent had better 'give in,' or 'give out.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Right glad were we to find the other day, in the '*Express*' daily journal a remonstrance against a recent proposition to change the time-honored name of '*Spuyten-Duyvil*' to soft and silly '*Linwood*.' The writer, a Baltimore correspondent, says: '*Please* do n't let your people change Spuyten-Duyvil into Linwood. It will grieve us here: '*Spuyten-Duyvil*!' — it does me good to write it.' He goes on to say: 'The name is historic: the American blood of Marylanders and New-Yorkers, and of many a good fellow beside, has flowed about it. The quaint, the genial spirit of your own IRVING hovers over it. The old Dutch spirit breathes around it: it is spicy too. We are getting too polished on the surface, by far: all broad-cloth and satin. If you want to make a change, knock into the surging tide that miserable name, *New York*, and take your proper name, MANHATTAN! Do n't mind the one hundred and ninety years you have borne it: they are nothing to the long future which lies before you. You think yourself very big now: you're *nothing* yet: you creep along now, like FULTON's boat, when it first crept, and stopped, and crept again up the Hudson. By-and-by you will begin to fly: dashing the billows of old ocean round you: leaving all the cities of the world behind you, and speeding to the uttermost bounds of the habitable globe. Now get a name before you start.' The very idea started, if we remember rightly by Mr. IRVING, in an article in these pages, entitled '*American Nomenclature*,' and we hope one day to see it carried out. - - - If, as has been said by an eminent writer, 'repeated parodies of a poem afford the strongest evidence of its popularity,' what shall be thought of LONGFELLOW's '*Hiawatha*?' Our own opinion of that poem, since widely confirmed, was early expressed in these pages: it has been warmly commended by the best English and American critics, quoted by members of parliament, etc.: but the parodies upon it! Was there ever any thing like it? Some score or more have been sent to us; while in newspapers all over the Union, not only have they appeared as extended poetical performances, but imitations have been forced, in 'bits,' into a thousand-and-one advertising columns. If it were a *musical* effort, and could be performed or whistled, every street-organ and city urchin would doubtless be 'executing' it in every thoroughfare of the metropolis. That rare wag, JOHN PHOENIX, of California, has tried *his* hand at a parody of it in ensuing pages. In his note to the EDITOR, he says: 'I transmit to you a heroic poem, the production of the author, Mr. H. WADDING TALLBOY, which it strikes me any one might have waited to read, six months at least, and probably longer, with satisfaction and advantage. Several friends of mine, who have had a sly peep at the manuscript, declare that 'this quaint legend is told with exquisite grace, sweetness, and power!' and I trust you will be of their opinion. You will perceive the moral is excellent, and the general tone unexceptionable: nothing in fact being introduced which could bring a blush upon the cheek of the most fastidious. The main incidents are facts: and thus woven together form a pretty little

romance, sweet indeed to dwell upon.' Our readers will not fail to 'dwell upon' this sweetness: nor will they omit a perusal elsewhere of the fine lines of Mrs. SIGOURNEY in the now world-famous measure:

The Song of 'Nothin' Shorter.'

BY H. W. TALLBOY.

At the mission of Dolores,  
Near the town of San-Francisco,  
Dwelt an ancient Digger Indian  
Who supported his existence  
Doing 'chores' and running errands,  
(When he 'got more kicks than coppers.')  
He was old and gaunt and ghostly,  
And they called him 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT.'  
Old and grim and ghostly was he,  
Yet he had a lovely daughter,  
Sweet and budding, though not blushing,  
For her skin was kinder tawny,  
So she really could n't do it.  
But she was a 'gushing creature,'  
And her springing step so fawn-like  
'Knocked the hind sights' off the daughters  
Of the usurers consequential,  
Who in buggies ride, important,  
Rattling past the lonely toll-gate.  
Yes, a sweet and fairy creature  
Was old 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT's daughter,  
And her name was 'TIPSYDOOSEN,'  
Or the young grass-hopper eater!  
Should you ask me whence this story,  
Whence this legend and tradition?  
I should answer, 'That's my business;  
And were I to go and tell you,  
You would know as much as I do.'  
Should you ask who heard this story,  
This queer story, wild and wayward?  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
All the California people,  
PIPES of Pipesville, KING of William,  
JONES and COHEN, KEAN BUCHANAN,  
And Miss HERON, sweet as sugar;  
And the Chinese, eating birds'-nests,  
Well they know old 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT.'  
Near a grocery at the Mission,  
STEP-AND-FETCH-IT and his daughter  
In the sun were once reclining.  
Near them lay a whiskey-bottle,  
Mighty little was there in it,  
For the old man's thirst consuming  
Caused that fluid to evaporate.  
In his hand old 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT'  
Held a big chunk of boiled salmon,  
And as fish, bones, all he bolted,  
Wagged from side to side his visage,  
And with moans, strange, wild, portentous,  
Sung the song of 'Nothin' Shorter,'  
Accompanied by TIPSYDOOSEN,  
In four sharps, upon the Jew's-harp.

'Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,  
Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,  
Twang, Twang, Twang, Tum!

'NOTHIN' SHORTER' was a 'digger';  
So am I, and nothin' shorter;  
(Thus he sang, old 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT,')  
And he lived upon the mountains,  
Dug his roots and pulled the acorns,  
And the rich grass-hoppers roasted.  
Happy was he, bold and fearless,  
Had no troubles to molest him,  
Had no fleas upon his blanket,  
For in fact he had n't got one.  
'But one morning gazing earthward,'  
He beheld a pond of water  
Which he forthwith fell in love with,  
And the pond reciprocated.  
And they loved each other fondly,  
Happy long they were together.

Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,  
Twang! Twang! Twang! Twang!

Yes, the pond loved 'NOTHIN' SHORTER,'  
Every day she bathed his forehead,  
Gave him drink when he was thirsty,  
Would have washed him well all over,  
Only that would take the dirt off,  
And the grease, and yellow ochre,  
In which his very soul delighted.  
But 'they lived and loved together';  
Yes, they lived and loved together  
(An original expression)  
Till the sun, with fever scorching,  
Caused the little pond to 'dry up.'  
Then was 'NOTHIN' SHORTER' angry.  
Loud he howled, and tore his breech-cloth.  
And with fury shrieked and danced,  
As on the sun he poured his curses.  
And he cried, 'O SCALLEWAGGER!'  
Which is the Indian name for sun, 'Sir,  
You have been, and gone, and done it.  
It was you dried up my sweet-heart,  
Killed the beauteous MUDDYBOTTOM,  
'You confess it; you confess it.'  
And he saw the sun wink at him,  
As if to say he felt glad of it.  
Then up started 'NOTHIN' SHORTER,'  
And making quick a pair of mittens  
Out of willow-bark and rushes,  
With them rent a crag asunder,  
Rent a jutting crag asunder,  
And, picking up the scattered pieces,  
Hurled them at the sun in vengeance,  
And so fast the rocks kept flying  
That the air was nearly darkened  
And obscured, so 'NOTHIN' SHORTER'  
Could not see but what he hit it.  
So he ran and kept on throwing  
Stones and dirt, and other missiles,

Till the sun, which kept retreating,  
Got alarmed at his persistence,  
And behind the western mountains  
Hid his recreant head in terror.  
But the last rock 'NOTHIN' SHORTER'  
Threw, fell back on his 'cabeza,'  
And produced a comminuted  
Fracture of the cerebellum.

'Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,  
Twang, Twang, tum.'

For some time poor 'NOTHIN' SHORTER'  
Lay upon the earth quite senseless,  
Till a small exploring party  
Under Colonel JOHN C. FREMONT,  
Picked him up and fixed his bruises,  
Put on 'DALLEY's pain-extractor,'  
And some liquid opodeldoc.  
When relieved, though sorely shattered,  
He sat up, upon his haunches,  
And to FREMONT told his story.  
Gravely listened that young *savan*,  
Wrote it down upon his note-book,  
Had old PREUSS to make a drawing  
Representing 'NOTHIN' SHORTER'  
Throwing boulders; then he gave him  
An old blanket and a beef-bone,  
And when he asked him for a quarter,  
Told him to go unto the DEVIL.  
But far away in Eastern cities  
FREMONT told that tale of wonder:  
And a certain famous poet  
Heard it all and saw the picture,

Wrote it out and had it printed  
In one volume post octavo.  
And I wish I had the money  
For this song of 'NOTHIN' SHORTER.'

Twang a diddle, twang a diddle,  
Twang, twang, twang.

At this juncture, AMOS JOHNSON  
Rushed tumultuously from his grocery,  
Crying, 'Dern your Indian uproar;  
Stop that noise and 'dry up' quickly,  
Or, by the Eternal Jingo!  
I'll ——' here he saw Miss TIPSYDOOSEN,  
And the heart of AMOS caved in,  
As afterward he told Miss STREBBINS  
That she 'just completely knocked him.'  
Why should I continue longer?  
'Gentles,' well ye know the sequel,  
How the bright-eyed TIPSYDOOSEN  
Now is Mrs. AMOS JOHNSON;  
Wears gipure, and old point laces,  
And wont visit Mrs. HODGKINS,  
'Cause her husband once made harness.  
Yes, a leader of the fashion  
Now is 'YOUNG GRASSHOPPER-EATER,'  
And the ancient 'STEP-AND-FETCH-IT'  
Has a residence at 'JOHNSON'S';  
In the back-yard an umbrella  
Stuck for his accommodation,  
Where he sleeps and dreams fair visions  
Of the days of 'NOTHIN' SHORTER':  
And the moral of my tale is,  
'To be virtuous and be happy.'

We call that *very* SQUIBOBISH! - - - We propose to initiate the reader into the mystery of a '*Silent Josh*.' It is a terrible ceremony, and calculated to 'unman the stoutest heart.' We had heard of it, through a pleasant correspondent of the '*Spirit of the Times*,' as a Boston sentiment, on convivial occasions, but wist not what it was. One lovely summer day, however, many months ago, at a little gathering of choice spirits, in one of EDWARD WINDUST's (long life and prosperity to him!) best and most private rooms, the handsome '*Tall Son of York*' proposed the execution of that 'Literary Emporium' toast. The glasses were filled with a delicate wine, and each guest, looking the host in his face, followed directions. Now so it was, that 'OLD KNICK' was the only person at table who was not aware of the nature of the ceremony. The glasses were raised: in utter silence, three times each guest and host made the motions of '*Silent Josh*' with their lips and circling glasses: the fourth motion was to close the sentiment. It *did!* At the very top-most bent of every man's lungs present, except ours, came forth the pseudonymical syllable,

**'JOSH!!'**

It is the harshest single word in the English language, and was chosen probably, on that account, for its capability of expression, in a burst of 'silence' through the medium of voices like the tearing of a strong rag. It 'took us out of our boots!' The very house seemed to be coming down over our heads. Consternation seized upon us, and caused all our bones

to shake. But for the roar of commingled laughter which ensued, we should have rushed from the building, as if an earthquake had 'frightened our isle from its propriety.' '*Silent Josh*' indeed! We wish our readers could hear it from a full table, *once!* - - - THE Sermon in our February number has recalled to an Alton (Ill.) correspondent one which was preached in Tennessee by a Baptist minister. When drawing near the close, he said: 'Brethering, I am an hostler, and I must curry these horses before I leave. Here is this high-blooded *Episcopalian* horse: see what a high head he carries, and how black his coat is, and soft as silk: but he'll kick if you touch him on his Litany or Prayers: Whoa, Sir, whoa! Here is an old sober *Methodist* horse: Whoa! old fellow! Just slip away his love-feasts and class-meetings, and he'll kick till he falls: Whoa! you old Shouter! whoa! Ah! *here* is the horse that is ready to kick at at all times: don't you go near his Confessional or Penance: Whoa! Mr. POPE! how beautiful his trappings are!—his surplice and mitre! 'Whoa, Sir! whoa!' and so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly through, an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered *his* services to conclude, which was readily accepted. He said: 'Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work: *Here* is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other. He is treacherous and uncertain: you can not trust him: he'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa! MULE, whoa! See, Brethren, how he kicks: 'Whoa! you old CAMPBELLITE!—whoa! Here, friends, is an animal that is so stubborn, he will not let me in his stall to eat from his trough: he is so stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him: he is so hard-mouthed that SAMSON used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa, you Close-Communion Baptist: 'whoa!' 'Do you call me *an ass!*' exclaimed the minister, jumping up: 'Whoa!' continued his tormentor: 'see him kick! whoa! Hold him, friends!—whoa!' and thus the old gentleman went on; the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an Ass so completely 'curried' before! - - - THE opinion would seem to be general, that the 'Retiring-Board' of the United States' Navy, in the exercise of the power conferred upon it by law of Congress, has given just cause of complaint to many most able officers, old in the noble service upon which they have conferred high honor. Instances of officers' recall to duty have already occurred, and we trust these acts of justice may be continued. We have before us a copy of a '*Memorial*' to Congress, by Commander OSCAR BULLUS, of the Navy, who had been placed by the Retiring-Board on the 'Reserved List,' on 'leave-pay.' The list upon which he is retired is an honorable one, and precludes the supposition that any misconduct or professional incapacity was attributed to him. Commander BULLUS assumes, therefore, that the reason of his being 'reserved' is in consequence of a lameness, produced by a fall on board ship in a gale of wind, while in the discharge of the duties of his station. In this '*Memorial*' he shows that this lameness never interfered with the performance of his duty; on the contrary, that he was an anxious



seeker for duty at all times : this assertion is fortified by the testimony of all his brother-commanders, and other officers, and by the commendations of such men as Commodores STEWART, RODGERS, PERRY, CHAUNCEY, AULICK, CONNER, etc. But Commander BULLUS is in good company in his 'retiracy.' Commodore STEWART, too, (to whose squadron Commander BULLUS was attached, in command of '*The Boxer*,') whose many good and noble qualities are known to all, and who has experienced no loss of physical or mental strength — he too, the brave old veteran, is among the decapitated. This act is something more than 'hinted at' in the following spirited lines, which reach us from an old correspondent :

'Oh! Spare that Noble Oak.

'RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO COMMODORE STEWART, UNITED STATES NAVY

I.  
'Oh! spare that noble OAK,  
The forest's lordly pride!  
Full many a stately tree  
Is growing by its side.  
And is it not enough,  
They in the dust must lie?  
Must *thou* be prostrate too?  
O spoiler! pass it by.

II.  
'The fell tornado's power  
Alas! no pity knows:  
It desolation brings  
And death, where'er it goes.  
Onward it rushes still,  
In undiscerning wrath:  
Behold! the forest's pride  
Lie scattered in its path.

III.  
'Not blighted, withering trunks  
That bear no fruit nor flower;  
Not seared and leafless boughs —  
These cannot stay its power:  
But young and vigorous shoots,  
With old and stately trees,  
That braved the wintry storm,  
As the mild summer breeze.

IV.  
'Weep for the forest shorn  
Of half its strength and pride;  
Weep for its cherished hopes,  
That perish side by side!  
And *those*, too, crushed to earth!  
Alas! 't is ever so:  
The noblest and the best —  
The 'Brave old Oak' lies low!

V.  
'STEWART! like that brave OAK,  
Must it be thus with thee?  
Must thou be wrecked *on shore*,  
Who dared unharmed *the sea*?  
Who, in thy gallant bark,  
Triumphed o'er England's pride,  
And bore her captive flag  
Victorious o'er the tide?

VI.  
'The country thou hast loved  
And served with all thy powers,  
Can *she* thy worth forget,  
In these thy wintry hours?  
True gently lays his hand  
Upon thy honored head,  
But on thy noble mind  
He dares to leave no tread.

VII.  
'Alas! that some there were  
Who saw the diamond shine,  
But did not recognize  
This treasure of the mine.  
Though on them brightly beamed  
Its clear, unchanging ray,  
They could not tell its worth,  
But cast the gem away!

VIII.  
'For them in vain its light  
All radiantly shone,  
For to their clouded sight  
'Twas but a common stone:  
But there *are* hearts to feel —  
Thy memory *will* shine;  
It is thy COUNTRY's loss,  
Brave Hero! 't is not *thine*!

Never mind: wait until we can go up to the *ci-devant* COMMODORE, some pleasant day hereafter at Washington, and taking that 'good right hand,' that has done so much for our national honor, look into that eye that never blenched before an enemy's frown, and say: 'How do you do, *Admiral* STEWART? Sir, I congratulate you upon the tardy justice you have won from

your country!' - - - '*The Sower*' is the expressive title of a handsomely-executed, and thus far, judiciously-conducted journal, published monthly by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, in New-York. Its head is embellished in the centre with an impressive vignette, a female figure representing 'RELIGION standing upon the rock that shall never be moved, and holding fast by the pillar of faith in the only SAVIOUR, has received the words of truth, and yields its legitimate fruit in scattering the leaves which are for the healing of the nations. At the same time she indicates, as well by her up-turned countenance as by the words she uses, the power by which so beneficent an effect is produced. There is a little circumstance connected with this vignette, which is too amusing to remain unrecorded. When the designer was requested to prepare a centre-piece for '*The Sower*,' he inferred it to be for a journal connected with the art of *sewing*, in its various branches, and with 'all the modern improvements:' so he drew a very comprehensive picture of women sewing, in the old manner, with spools of cotton and skeins of silk as accessories, with a woman in the centre of the group, 'operating' one of the newly-invented sewing-machines! *That* drawing was repudiated, and the one above described accepted in its place. - - - I. Is GOOD: On a stormy, blustering night in March, about the hour of ten o'clock, with a pleasant fire glowing in the grate, the wee people happy in their little beds, *one hot Whiskey-Punch*, made of equal parts of pure boiling water, pure Scotch 'ISLAY,' a pure pale-yellow lemon, and a due proportion of STEWART'S best refined sugar: the glass warmed before mixing. II. Is 'GOOD AGAIN:' A *quiet* friend to take one with you: a well-buttered slice of well-baked bread: five sardines, well covered with pure oil while in the box: sprinkled with the slightest taste of pure lemon-juice and hulled black pepper. III. Is BETTER: an hour's pleasant pen-work, and then to your warm sheets: with thankful heart for the mercies which have been vouchsafed to you during the day, and the night thus far spent. You have followed the maxim, 'So enjoy *to-day*, that you may also enjoy *to-morrow*: you have ate temperately; you have drank temperately; you are in dream-land in a jiffy; you sleep soundly; and know not what manner of person you are of, until the morning sun shining through the pendants of the girandoles on the mantel-piece throws his first beams in quivering rain-bows upon the wall of your bed-room. IV. IMPROVEMENT: Brethren, Try it. 'Hence we view'—and in this way only *can* we view—how good and how pleasant a thing it is. 'The usual collection will now be taken up.' - - - An old pauper called one afternoon on Doctor BARTOL, just as the Doctor was finishing his dinner, with a modest request that the Doctor would furnish him with a bunch of full-grown flowers out of his conservatory, as his daäter JEMIMA was about on that very evening (auspicious occasion!) to be married, adding, after a long talk, standing, which was little regarded: 'I s'pose you know me, Doctor?' 'Know you? How the Devil should I know *you*? 'Not know *me*? Why don't you remember? I'm the man what had *fits and twins*!' Doctor, (*lightening up*;) 'Oh!—ah!—fits and twins! Yes, yes! How's your fits now?'

'Well!—well!—cured up: only one or two a day: I guess I sha n't have one now. DOCTOR, (*staring*;) 'How's your twins?' 'Like as two peas; Doctor: I—I—I——' DOCTOR, (*calling out in an exasperated voice*;) 'JARN—JARN—JARN!—do n't you hear? Cut off a bunch of flowers. Quick! quick! That will do. There, take a glass of wine. There, there take those flowers to your daughter. JARN—JARN—show this poor man the way out—show him out!' - - - 'Would we had been there!' was our exclamation, when we saw our invitation-card (about the size of the paste-boards between which our printed sheets are smoothed in the standing-press) for the *Donation-Party of the Buffalo Daily Republic*. But we did n't receive our '*Document*' until a 'day after the fair,' having been absent from town. What a time there must have been! The preliminaries were extensive; the order of arrangements perfect; the donations *very* various, but all more or less tempting, and uncommonly abundant; the speeches short and pithy; and the whole mirthsome to the last degree. Again we say, 'Would we had been there!' But 'there's no use in crying for'—an Editorial Donation Party that has been held, and vanished. Among the eatables was a huge lot of sausages, which was followed into the office by a large female dog, who, after being driven away several times, finally seated herself on the opposite pavement, and howled till the Festival was over. This was a most suspicious circumstance, and one which seems to demand some explanation! - - - In one of our up-town and rather out-of-the way congregations, three or four Sundays ago, a voice spake out, in response to an energetic and fervent asseveration and warning of the reverend speaker: '*That's so!—that's the talk!*' It electrified the whole 'meeting,' as well it might. The sexton requested the man to leave the pew, and the sanctuary. 'What for?' he asked. 'Why,' replied the sexton, in a low tone, 'you are interrupting the services.' 'Not a bit of it: same as 'Amen!' in a Methodist meeting!' The sexton thought differently, and walked the poor half-lunatic out of the broad-aisle into which he had vacantly wandered. - - - 'CLIO' has misinterpreted us entirely. We meant to convey no such meaning as '*Plagiarism*' in our brief and hurried note, in relation to the lines entitled '*The Pioneer of Georgia*.' An insensible assimilation of thought with the thoughts of another was all that struck us, and all that we mentioned, or at least *intended* to hint at. Now this *unconscious reproduction* is far from being uncommon. We have an instance before us, which is in point. Some twenty years ago, WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, in a touching poem entitled '*The Death of the First-Born*,' quoted as a motto to that effusion, the subjoined exquisite lines, from the quaint old English poet, LYDGATE:

'Ah! weladay!—most angelike of face,  
A childe, young in his pure innocence,  
Tender of limbes, God wote full guiltlesse,  
The goodly faire, that lieth here speechlesse.  
A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;  
Cannot complain, alas! for none outrage,  
Ne grutcheth not, but lies here all alone,  
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visage:

What heart of steel could do to him damage,  
Or suffer him die, beholding the manère,  
And look benign of his twin eyen clere?’

Some twelve-month since, we clipped the ensuing beautiful lines from one of our exchange journals. They were entitled ‘*The Baby Dead,*’ and are from the pen of Miss ALICE CAREY, a poetess whose affluence of original thought and individuality of style preclude all idea of plagiarism: and yet there can be little doubt that the thoughts of LYDGATE were unconsciously in her mind, and that she as unconsciously gave expression to them as directly from her own heart:

‘Poor little baby! darling little baby!  
Pale, pretty piece of unoffending clay;  
His dumb and dainty mouth all smiling lovely,  
His silken curls astray.

‘Poor little baby! harmless little baby!  
What stony heart could see his innocent eyes  
A-shining sweet, and do him harm so cruel?  
Complaints and bitter cries

‘He knew not how to make, poor little baby!  
Poor, poor dead dove! but with a trustful grace  
Made tenderest appeals for help and mercy,  
Nestling to DEATH his face.

‘White, guiltless lamb! still, sleeping little baby —  
Snow out of heaven, the brightest ever fell;  
No lily, brodered in a ground of darkness,  
Showeth so fair and well.

‘Poor little baby! clothed with woful silence,  
Dear mortal image of an angel’s look —  
Most precious rose! inclosed a little season  
Within a gloomy book.’

There are hundreds of just such cases of unconscious appropriation, even among the most renowned of the British poets. *Plagiarism* is quite a different thing. - - - WHAT a terrible winter this has been! Every body, in town or country, says this. It *has* been a long and a cold winter; but what of that? ‘Thank HEAVEN for WINTER!’ says a genial spirit: ‘SPRING is pretty well in its way, with its budding branches and carolling birds, and wimpling harmonies, and fleecy skies, and dew-like showers, softening and brightening the bosom of old Mother EARTH. SUMMER is not much amiss, with its umbrageous woods, glittering atmosphere, and awakening thunder-storms. Nor let us libel AUTUMN, in her gorgeous bounty and her beautiful decays. But WINTER! — dear cold-handed, warm-hearted WINTER! welcome thou to my fur-clad bosom! Thine are the short, bracing, invigorating days, that screw up muscles, fibre, and nerve, like the strings of an old Cremona, discoursing excellent music: thine the long, snow-silent, hail-rattling nights, with earthly fire-sides, and heavenly luminaries, for home-comforts or travelling imaginations — for undisturbed imprisonment or unbounded freedom — for the affections of the heart and the flight of the soul.’ There spoke an appreciative ‘human.’ But to come back to *our*

winter: True, we have had for nearly three months an unusual predominance of that kind of weather which 'thicks man's blood with cold;' but what a fund of enjoyment, both in the metropolis and out of it, has resulted from it! Not a day — not a *single* day — while in the country, in which we have not sallied out from our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage,' for our customary walk of some three miles. Was a thick snow-shower whitening all the air? So much the better: who does not love to encounter the slow-falling, flaky family of Dew and Frost? Did RAIN reign? Who cares for the sprinkling of that cloud-begotten son of URANUS? Did SLEET, the wishy-washy daughter of Rain and Snow, prevail? What matter? Every day, as we have said, 'wrapped and thoroughly lapped' to the throat, with 'double-soled and double-upper' boots, with 'legs' rising above the knee — thick, double-milled 'gauntlets,' reaching to the elbows, (gotten at STEWART'S for twelve shillings, and cheap at five dollars,) we went forth: and oh! the glow with which, on your return with warm and dry lambs'-wool stockings encompassing your slippered feet, you sit down to record the pleasant thoughts which have occurred to you on your way! And then the skating — the sliding down hill! Every body, certainly every body who has ever lived in the country, *must* enjoy *these* sports. If perchance indulging in the reflection that *you*, who albeit 'getting a little old now, have *seen* the time when you were as good as you *ever* was,' you watch your little people enjoying them, in you go yourself, *among* them, and *of* them — and you can't *help* it! In the smooth-tracked road — on snow-crust — over 'glare ice' — we have had as many 'rides' this winter as when we were a boy — and never enjoyed them more. And surely *never* was a place like ours for sliding down hill. We have seen 'Young KNICK' and little JOSÉ, with their companions, start in an ice-regatta from a north-and-south-line with the 'Shanghai House,' at 'Upper Arrarat,' above us, and now appearing, now disappearing in the turns of the road, all the while growing less and less, as they rushed on in their breathless speed, until finally they shot forth like a weaver's shuttle upon the thick ice on the western shore of the Tappaän Zee, diminished to the size of bumble-bees! And then the *skating* that we have seen! But 'let it all slide,' with the snow that allured the one — with the ice that tempted the other. After all, reader, the best of us are either skating swiftly over the mid-level or sliding down the hill of Life: and by-and-by we shall all sleep together at the foot. - - - It seems, from a letter written by a correspondent of the Cleveland (Ohio) '*Herald*,' that the actual cause of General TAYLOR'S death, was the being compelled to listen to a speech of an hour and a half's length, by some long-winded, ambitious orator, on receiving a stone from the District of Columbia for the Washington Monument; the PRESIDENT being all the while under the piercing rays of a July sun. He went home heated and worn out; took to his bed, and never left it alive. A 'Mr. C——' (who *was* it?) as literally *bored him to death*, as if he had double-twisted a pod-auger into his body, (taking it out occasionally to drop the chips,) and penetrated his simple, honest old heart. He 'needs only to be known, to be appreciated.' - - - The following is 'a genuine article,' which reaches us from New-Philadelphia, Ohio. 'A cloud of witnesses,'

says our correspondent, 'assure me of its entire authenticity.' It is the 'charge' of a Justice of the Peace, of that ilk, to a jury in an action of replevin, brought for the recovery of a canal-boat:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: This is an action of replevin, brought by —— against ——, for the purpose of obtaining the canal-boat *Ocean Wave No. Two*, levied on by said ——, as the property of ——. I shall first charge you as to the rule of construing evidence, namely: If you have reason to believe that any one witness in this case has wilfully, maliciously, deliberately, and contrary to the peace and dignity of the State of Ohio, sworn to that which is false in any single instance, you are bound to believe that he has lied throughout."

"Mr. B ——, for plaintiff, inquired: 'What if he be corroborated?'"

"The Court, with much dignity, replied: 'Wait until I am done!'"

"And if you should find that the aforementioned witness is corroborated, or sustained in any particular, by any other witness, you are bound to believe that said last-named witness lies also, in every particular of his statement! I am also requested to charge you that you find in your verdict the value of the property at issue."

"After some deliberation, I have concluded not to do that, but will simply say: if you find, in your finding, that you have found—you will have found, in your finding, whatever at that time you may find: on the *other* hand, gentlemen, if you find, in your finding, that you have *not* found—you will not have found—in your finding—what you ought to have found! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the testimony of the witnesses, the arguments of counsels, and *my charge*. Take the case!"

Having been recently advised, in a most courteous and complimentary letter, of our unanimous election, 'stimultaneously' with Lord BROUGHAM, as a corresponding member of the Kentucky '*Society for the Improvement of the Law, and the Amelioration of the Condition of the Human Race*,' (of which 'more hereafter,') we take great interest in such deep legal acumen as is manifested in the foregoing. After all, law is 'the perfection of human reason,' *isn't it?* - - - WHAT an exceedingly 'good thing' Mr. STIMPSON, Editor of the '*Express Messenger*,' is doing, in dealing so widely and so directly with the *produce-producers*, for the benefit of themselves and the people of our city! Now do we see how it is that the 'middle-men,' the combinationists, have made their ill-gotten gains out of both seller and buyer of provisions for daily consumption! 'The wires' have put a stop to all this, and Mr. STIMPSON is the 'operator.' We wish him the most abundant success. But 'that is past praying for.' He *has* it. - - - We have spoken elsewhere of the pleasures of *Winter in the Country*: but we reserved one phase of it, for the purpose of express mention: namely, *Sleigh-Riding on the Hudson River*. It is picturesque. It is exhilarating. It is truly lovely! Our friend N ——, of a neighboring village situated in a graceful cove of the Zee of Tappaän, near the Hook-Mountain, came down to 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' on the thick ice, one morning recently, in a beautiful 'von-orse sleigh' drawn by a 'perfect bird' of a 'three-mile bay' mare, to take us a-riding to Rockland-Lake. No more genial winter-day ever shone upon this terrestrial globe. The bridge upon which we 'glode' was three miles wide, without sleepers or arches underneath; but it was as solid as a granite-floor resting upon terra-firma. Hundreds of sleighs were passing and re-passing, hither and thither, over the vast ice-prairie; some going up, others down, others crossing from either shore; sleighs dwindled to child-



ren's toy-vehicles, and horses diminished to rats; and the far-off jingle of bells falling upon the ear, seemed like the very ghost of sound. Warmly encased with Buffalo robes, we rushed on, past the continuous villages that line the eastern shore; the fleet steps of our steed scarcely heard upon the smooth track on WINTER's causeway. By-and-by we were passing under the lofty steepes of the 'Hook-Mountain:' bleak and bare were its seamed and rocky sides, overhanging their base — 'frowning terrible, impossible to climb.' The scattering cedars bordering the summit swayed and trembled in the cold wintry breeze, and we could hear the 'sough' of the wind in the branches thereof. Then we rounded the vast mass — the water seventy feet deep beneath our bridge — and landed at Rockland. We were on a visit to our friend, Mr. LEONARD F. FITCH, who has one of the most charmingly-situated mansions on the Hudson river, at least in any near vicinity to New-York. It stands upon an eminence, overlooking on the east a long reach of the Hudson river, into which it seemed one might almost throw a stone, and on the west, equally near, the whole of Rockland Lake, and the region beyond, 'stretching wide, a waste of snow,' to the Ramapo Mountains: a mountain some four or five hundred feet in height rising in front of the mansion, and not far distant, a similar lofty 'natural protection' somewhat farther in the rear. In the summer, vineyards, trellised arbors, fruits, and countless flowers, otherwise render enviable this most admirably-situated mansion, whose beautiful interior and adornments well correspond with its external attractions. Nor is its occupant, one of the tall sons of New-Hampshire, at all out of keeping in such a dwelling-place. We have said it was an 'enviable' residence, but we desire to amend the expression. No one can *envy* the possessor of such a mansion, when he subordinates its attractions to the happiness of his friends and his guests. Standing upon the broad piazzas, we looked directly down upon the lake, the busy ice-scene which we recently endeavored to describe. All was now solitude and silence. The great ice-reservoirs are now all full and secured against 'melting with fervent heat' in the coming days of summer. And it was surprising to see, in looking down upon the 'scars' of many a hard-fought 'field' of ice, how little, after all, of the great mass had been removed. Mr. FITCH is one of the very *fore-fathers* of the ice-trade in this State. He started from the bottom, and has worked his onward way to the top, until he is excelled by no other man in the country in a thorough, *practical* knowledge of his business. - - - 'INCIDENTS of Travel' between our country-sanctum and the publication and printing-offices, (now by rail 'round the Horn,' and now by ice-boat on the frozen river,) have worked us 'much annoy' this month. A letter from our pleasant friend 'ABRAHAM ELDERLY,' and a capital number of '*Schediasms*,' were *nine days* in reaching us from town, the package containing them having been mislaid at the 'store' where they were left, for our friend JACOB SARVENT's Express: 'JAKE,' 'for short,' our universal country beau, who takes off his hat to every pretty girl in the village, and says, 'Your SARVENT, Miss!' and who is as faithful an express-agent as ever was trusted with countless commissions, large and small, all over the Great Metropolis. It was not *his* fault that the

before-mentioned package was delayed, nor his that another miscarried on its way to the printing-office, containing An '*Epithilamium*,' which brought the tears to our eyes as we read it; an extract from an amusing letter to the Editor from our friend 'W. C. T.,' the 'BEARD' man; and a capital 'Gossip' Story from a correspondent in Madison, Wisconsin; with another little article, which we cannot now distinctly designate. Perhaps, however, *this* packet may yet 'turn up.' - - - '*American Rhymes: all Original*,' is the title of a little volume by a 'Southern Poet,' Dr. THOMAS A. ROONEY by name, which a Georgia friend has been good enough to send to us. The style is *unique*, as may be gathered from one or two brief passages. Our first extract is from '*A Cold-Water Song for the People*,' Prohibitionists may safely partake of it: it has n't a particle of spirit in it:

'COME O ye people, one and all,  
And help us roll the tem'rance ball;  
Now is the time, O every one,  
To stop the sale of cursed rum,  
Next election day.

'Then is the time to come in flocks,  
And rally round the ballot-box;  
The girls will march in lovely files,  
And strew the way with pinks and smiles,  
Next election day.

'I see a large and respected host,  
Come marching up the water coast;  
Behold how sweet and smooth they glide,  
With sober lovers by their side,  
Next election day.'

A poem '*On the Benefits of Reading*,' opens with the following glowing and musical lines:

'Good reading is a source divine  
From which great pleasures flow;  
It is a treasure to the mind,  
While dwelling here below.

'By reading history we can tell  
How long each war did last;  
How all the ancient kingdoms fell,  
In all the ages past.

'Go read the laws of ancient Rome—  
Yes, read DEMOSTHENES;  
Then study well our laws at home,  
And live like SOCRATES.

'Tis reading makes a nation wise,  
And fills the mind with truth:  
It teaches science as time flies,  
'Tis wisdom to the youth.

'Read MILTON, HOMER, BYRON, all  
Poets of every age;  
Read law-books, history, great and small,  
Then you will be a sage.

'Read NEWTON, DICK, and TUPPER too,  
And study all you can;  
Then you will be a scholar true,  
And a scientific man.'

To which we add, 'Read ROONEY also!' His '*Reflections on Visiting our Tallest Mountains*' show how the love of NATURE has taken possession of his poetical spirit:

'How sweet it is when friends are nigh,  
Upon the mountains tall,  
To view the scen'ry with the eye,  
And hear the water fall.

'The ancient rocks look old and gray,  
With moss upon their brow;  
They prove the crucifixion day—  
The rents are in them now.'

Our poet is delighted with a long voyage which some one took on the Mississippi river, and he proceeds to versify an epistolary description of it. We can afford but a sample :

'THE Mississippi's deep and wide,  
With current strong and bold;  
While o'er its waves we swiftly glide  
To seek the treasured gold.

'The 'Norma's swiftly puffing on,  
With all her jolly crew;  
And while we sweetly sail along,  
I often think of you.

'It is a sweet and pleasant ride,  
Along this mighty stream;  
Ten thousand pleasures round us glide,  
While borne away by steam.

'I saw a thousand little boats,  
As we went sailing by;  
Each crew is happy as they float,  
And money is the cry.

'Some are loaded down with coal,  
Some are filled with taters;  
All are merry, as they roll  
'Mong the Alligators.

'We all went on to New-Orleans,  
And then we went ashore;  
There I sold out my pork and beans,  
And all I had in store.

'I took a walk along the street,  
Towards the travellers inn;  
A girl ran out and talked so sweet,  
She thought she'd get my tin.

'I laughed at her, and on I went  
To seek a place to lie;  
Not one dollar have I spent,  
Except for you and I.'

One of our 'Southern Poet's pieces commences with the following lines :

'ROLL on thou deep blue ocean, roll —  
With waves upon thy breast!'

Some how or other, the *first* line falls familiarly on the ear. Our poet says in his preface, that 'rhyming is his soul's delight.' We are glad that it is : for *his* rhyming must be any thing *but* a 'delight' to any body else. In short, to compare his little volume with a small bottle of ginger-pop, would be greatly to belie that fluid. - - - 'DING, dong bell! — the COLONEL's cow is in the well!' Such, save 'the tintinnabulation of the bell,' was the exclamation of 'SAM,' the COLONEL's man, left in charge of his beautiful house and grounds, and live stock, all adjoining our little '*Cedar-Hill Cottage*,' a house all on the ground, with seven gables; not room enough in it to swing a cat, but as we do n't *want* to swing a cat, not objectionable on that account : such, we say, was the exclamation of 'SAM.' We were assisting our little four-year-old ELLIOTT-BURNETT in adjusting Young KNICK's extempore harness to 'TURK,' our graceful grey-hound, attached to the little boy's sleigh at the time, (as beautiful a sight, although we say it, as could be seen of a *summer's* day, let alone a day in stormy March,) when the announcement came. SAM left at once : and where the well in question was, we wist not. But we donned a thick over-coat and cap, and 'put out' — the children, having heard the news, coming after us, in full cry. Unaware of any field-well in the vicinity, we were on a 'cold scent;' until at length little JOSÉ, who had got ahead of us, said : 'Father, there she is! — do n't you see her horns, there by those two hay-stacks?' Sure enough, there *was* a pair of horns peering just above a circle of deep snow : a hornéd creetur, that looked like the DEVIL, coming up head-first from his subterranean châteaun. In a moment we were upon the spot. There was the poor animal, up to her neck in snow-water, which was tinged with blood. She uttered no moan, but her great lustrous eyes said, as plainly as ever a cow spoke in

the world: 'For meek-eyed PITY's sake! — for the sake of my unborn offspring! — in the name of MILK! — not milkman's milk, but *cow's* milk, next summer! — deliver me from this horrible pit!' We reassured her, and explained that SAM had gone to the barn for a rope: meantime we had dispatched a boy to the village under the hill for aid. Presently 'SAM' came with the rope, which was fastened at the roots of the horns aforesaid: assistance was summoned from the neighbors: it was 'a pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether,' when the rope broke, and down went a justice of the peace, a deacon, a dry-goods' merchant, a railroad superintendent, a doctor, and an editor, flat on their backs in the snow. But lo! help approaches. 'The MEN,' in pairs, are coming up the hill from the machine-shop below, to their suppers. 'What ho! — come hither! The COLONEL's cow is in the well!' Over they came, with stout hearts and strong hands: and simply remarking, that 'if her legs did n't come off, she was bound to come out o' *that*, an-ny way,' they seized her fore-legs, and soon liberated her from the ice-cold pit, in which she would have perished in fifteen minutes, had she remained there that length of time. As it was, she was unable at first to rise. She lay shivering and helpless upon the snow: '*coma*,' which supervened, the doctor said, bade fair to put a *period* to her existence. Her back was greatly excoriated; one of her hind legs was much abraded; there was a deflection of the left clavicle of the fore-shoulder; a slight prolapsus non linguæ; and a general phlebotomy of the entire system. The snow all around her was incarnadined with crimson. Howbeit, thick blankets and quilts were obtained; she was bundled up like an elephant, when travelling *in cog*, from one show-place to another; and at length arose, and walked up to the barn and into her stall, where she at once began to eat the good supper which had been prepared for her, and through the aid of careful nursing, has since wholly recovered. There was thanksgiving in her great eyes, when we saw her last, at her miraculous escape. She does n't care to 'try it again.' - - - As we go to press, the *Second Regular Trade-Sale of the New-York Book Publishers' Association*, of books, stereotype-plates, stationery, etc., is about to take place, under the direction of MESSRS. LEAVITT, DELISSER AND COMPANY, at their splendid Trade-Sale Rooms, Numbers 377 and 379 Broadway, corner of White-street. This firm of experienced and practical book-sellers bids fair to be one among the very first in our city. Their catalogue of invoices from publishers in all parts of the Union is one of the largest we 'ever set eyes on.' In addition to the Trade-Sales, morning and afternoon sales of books, stereotype-plates, stationery, fancy goods, works of art, furniture, and merchandise generally, are held every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday of each week. We cordially commend this new firm to the liberal patronage of 'The Trade' and of the general public. Their references are to a number of the very first business and financial men of the metropolis. - - - The subjoined stanzas from a '*Hymn*' by Rev. S. F. SMITH, D.D., of the Methodist connection, seem to us to possess the true WESLEYAN tenderness and melody. It would give us pleasure to hear it sung to one of those plaintive airs, in which the sacred music of the Methodists so greatly abounds, and in not a few of which we

have 'exercise' daily, *omnes solus*, in the sanctum: 'A Christian lady, when 'the time of her departure was at hand,' whispered two or three sentences to those who were watching by her dying-bed: but, save the last two words, all was unintelligible: these were, 'Ready!—*ready!*' in accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of the faith which uplifted her above the terrors of the grave:'

'READY now to spread my pinions,  
Glad to wing my flight away,  
From the gloom that hovers round me  
To the realms of endless day.  
Ready to be washed and pardoned,  
Ready to be pure from sin,  
Ready to complete the conflict,  
Ready heavenly joy to win.

'Ready over DEATH to triumph,  
And to tread the tempter down;  
Ready life and bliss t' inherit,  
And to wear the glorious crown.  
Ready to be freed from sorrow,  
Tears and partings, toil and pain;  
Ready for the heavenly mansion—  
Life is dear, but death is gain.

'Ready to forsake the shadows  
Of the night so dim and long;  
Ready for my harp of glory,  
Ready for the angels' song:  
Ready, with salvation's banner,  
To ecstatic joy to rise;  
Ready for the glad hosanna  
In the heavenly paradise.

'Ready with the just made perfect,  
Clothed in robes of light to be,  
Swelling the enraptured chorus:  
Singing 'joy' and 'victory!'  
Heavenly messengers are round me,  
Hark! their voices bid me come:  
'Earth and Time too long have bound thee,  
Sister spirit, welcome home!'

THE following 'comes greeting' from an old friend and correspondent, who has made our long-time readers 'laugh ready to split their sides,' something like a thousand times:

'LA' is la' out west. Some years ago an attachment was issued and levied upon the stock in trade of a stage company, and the consequence was very disastrous, of course; passengers were piled up here and there, just where the writ found them; mails were stopped; and the deuce was to pay everywhere.

'J. JONES, attorney for Company, went out through the several counties of the State where the 'plunder' was held by authority of the people of the State of —, and moved (as JONES might move, as the law then stood) before a side-judge, for a 'dissolution of the writ.' JONES went forward swimmingly for awhile, and knocked over the writs, one after another, like a row of bricks. He finally reached the county of —, where he found the attorneys on the other side, and the judge, all evidently expecting him; for they were pouring whiskey down the judge at a log-tavern, telling him funny stories, and talking extravagantly about his legal ability and the high reputation which he had acquired on the bench.

'The judge at last took his seat, put on his 'specs,' opened the 'Revised Statutes,' and spread them out solemnly before him; and 'the hearing' went forward. But the judge grew drunker and drunker; his eyes waxed heavy; and now and then he gave a half-surge side-ways in his seat. JONES raised several objections to the proceedings, and insisted upon points of irregularity; but the judge replied that he di-did-n't k-kn-ow but Mr. JO-ONES was right, but he could n't tra-tra-vel out-side er 'The Staterts!'

At which the opposite counsel nodded their heads and winked at each other.

'At last JONES saw that it was all of no use. Some six or seven times the judge had told him 'he could n't travel out-side of the Staterts.' Yes!—he would 'rise upon him'—there was no other way. He *did* 'rise upon him:

"'You old bloat!' exclaimed JONES—'you've been in the keeping of those two pettifoggers all the morning: you are completely pickled with whiskey!—you are so drunk you don't know law from gospel. 'Can't travel outside the statute,' *you can't?* No! *you can't!* And if those two 'shuysiers' on the other side could get one more drink down your throat, you could n't travel *at all*—outside the statute, or anywhere else!' It is a singular fact, that JONES had no trouble after this!'

THERE is no one of the many American journals we receive, which we read with more pleasure than '*The Saturday Bulletin*' of Philadelphia. It is a weekly journal, in the large quarto form, excellently printed, and edited with evident industry and marked talent. Its proprietor, Mr. ALEXANDER CUMMINGS, is also the proprietor of the morning and evening '*Daily Bulletin*,' each edition of which enjoys a very wide and fast-increasing circulation. We recognize in the varied columns of the weekly sheet many sound and able articles upon current topics, and not a few brief and pleasant literary papers, from the fertile pen of our friend and correspondent, 'Meister KARL,' CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., who is one of the editors. 'Thank you for nothing,' the '*Bulletin*' may say of our poor praise: 'we have obtained the ear of that many-headed monster, 'THE PUBLIC,' and we intend to keep it.' 'Good so:' all right. We are glad to hear it; and while that public ear is open, let it listen to this song of '*We're Getting Along*,' by Mr. LELAND. There is *vim* in it:

"We are getting along — we're getting along!"  
 Loud rattles the train as it darts away,  
 Loud answers the steam-boat across the bay,  
 Loud rustles the ship built for 'steamer time,'  
 While the factory looms and bell keep chime:  
 'We are getting along, we are getting along!'

"We are getting along — we're getting along!"  
 So the telegraph wires vibrate in the breeze,  
 Harping a tune to the song of the trees,  
 And the rushing river is singing it still  
 With the heaving, clattering water-mill:  
 'We are getting along — we're getting along!'

"We're getting along — we're getting along!"  
 So the steam-press sings, as from it are whirled  
 The flying leaves to a reading world,  
 And the leaves as they flutter o'er sea and land  
 Still sing, as they flit from hand to hand,  
 'We are getting along — we're getting along!'

"We are getting along — we're getting along!"  
 All over the green world broad and wide,  
 By the foaming river or mountain side,  
 Where in word or in deed a *thought* hath been,  
 Or a spirit immortal from God is seen;  
 And while word and spirit their life prolong  
 We hear the wondrous and endless song:  
 'We are getting along — we are getting along!'

No wonder '*The Bulletin*' is 'getting along!' - - - 'THE SPARROW-GRASS PAPERS,' which began in the KNICKERBOCKER, and were continued in PUTNAM's excellent '*Monthly*,' are concluded in our present number. They will soon appear, in a handsome volume, admirably illustrated by DARLEY, from the press of MESSRS. DERBY AND JACKSON. Several of the 'Papers' will not have seen the light until they appear in the book. It must have a rare popularity. The quaint, genial humor, the nice observation, the love of Nature and of humanity, and the great ease and beauty of style, which characterize this series of sketches, will unquestionably secure for them a very extensive sale. They richly deserve it. - - - ON ST. PATRICK'S



Day, as the E — Guards were parading the streets to the sound of 'Yankee Doodle,' from life and drum, a lover of the patron-saint and good whiskey, a sort of 'camp-follower,' was observed staggering along behind, and merrily whistling 'St. PATRICK'S Day in the Morning.' Some one observed that PADDY's gait appeared rather eccentric: 'I know it,' said he, 'but, d'ye mind, *I'm striving to march afther two tshunes.*' That might be called a specimen 'of forced marching.' - - - This pansy from '*A Christmas Garland,*' woven for '*The Independent*' religious and literary journal, should have graced our last number. But *when* could '*Thoughts of our Friends in Heaven*' be untimely, or out of place? Very beautiful, tender, and touching are *these* thoughts. They *came* from the heart, and they cannot fail to reach the heart of every reader who possesses that 'noble entrail.'

'It is strange what a change is wrought in one hour by death. The moment our friend is gone from us for ever, what sacredness invests him! Every thing he ever said or did seems to return to us clothed in new significance. A thousand yearnings rise of things we would fain say to him; of questions unanswered, and now unanswerable. All he wore or touched, or looked upon familiarly, becomes sacred as relics. Yesterday these were homely articles, to be tossed to-and-fro, handled lightly, given away thoughtlessly; to-day we touch them softly, our tears drop on them; DEATH has laid his hand on them, and they have become holy in our eyes. Those are sad hours when one has passed from our doors never to return, and we go back to set the place in order. There the room, so familiar, the homely belongings of their daily life, each one seems to say to us in its turn, 'Neither shall their place know them any more.' Clear the shelf now of vials and cups and prescriptions; open the windows; step no more carefully; there is no one now to be cared for, no one to be nursed, no one to be awakened.

'Ah! why does this bring a secret pang with it when we know that they are where none shall any more say, "I am sick!" Could only one flutter of their immortal garments be visible in such moments; could their face, glorious with the light of heaven, once smile on the deserted room, it might be better. One needs to lose friends to understand one's self truly. The death of a friend teaches things within that we never knew before. We may have expected it, prepared for it, it may have been hourly expected for weeks; yet when it comes it falls on us suddenly, and reveals in us emotions we could not dream of. The opening of those heavenly gates for them startles and flutters our souls with strange mysterious thrills unfelt before. The glimpse of glories, the sweep of voices, all startle and dazzle us, and the soul for many a day aches and longs with untold longings.

'We divide among ourselves the possessions of our lost ones. Each well-known thing comes to us with an almost supernatural power. The book we once read with them, the old BIBLE, the familiar hymn; then perhaps little pet articles of fancy, made dear to them by some peculiar taste, the picture, the vase — how costly are they now in our eyes!

'We value them not for their beauty or worth, but for the frequency with which we have seen them touched or used by them; and our eye runs over the collection, and perhaps lights most lovingly on the homeliest thing which may have been oftentimes touched or worn by them.

'It is a touching ceremony to divide among a circle of friends the memorials of the lost. Each one comes inscribed, '*no more*;' and yet, each one, too, is a pledge of reunion. But there are invisible relics of our lost ones more precious than the book, the picture, or the vase. Let us treasure them in our hearts. Let us bind to our hearts the patience which they will never need again; the fortitude in suffering, which belonged only to this suffering state. Let us take from their dying hand that submission under affliction which they shall need no more in a world where affliction is unknown. Let us collect in our thoughts all those cheerful and hopeful sayings which they threw out from time to time as they walked with us, and string them as a rosary to be daily counted over. Let us test our own daily life by what must be their now perfected estimate; and as they once walked with us on earth, let us walk with them in heaven.

'We may learn at the grave of our lost ones how to live with the living. It is a fearful thing to live so carelessly as we often do with those dearest to us, who may at any moment be gone for ever. The life we are living, the words we are now saying, will all be lived over in memory over some future grave. One remarks that the death of a child often makes parents tender and indulgent. Ah! it is a lesson learned of bitter

sorrow. If we would know how to measure our words to living friends, let us see how we feel toward the dead. If we have been neglectful, if we have spoken hasty or unkind words, on which death has put his inevitable seal, what an anguish is that! But our living friends may, ere we know, pass from us; we may be to-day talking with those whose names to-morrow are to be written among the dead; the familiar household objects of to-day may become sacred relics to-morrow. Let us walk softly; let us forbear and love; none ever repented of too much love to a departed friend; none ever regretted too much tenderness and indulgence; but many a tear has been shed for too much harshness and severity. Let our friends in heaven then teach us how to treat our friends on earth. Thus by no vain fruitless sorrow, but by a deeper self-knowledge, a tenderer and more sacred estimate of life, may our heavenly friends prove to us ministering spirits.

'The triumphant Apostle says to the Christian: 'All things are yours — Life and Death.' Let us not lose either; let us make *Death* our own; in a richer, deeper, and more solemn earnestness of life. So those souls which have gone from our ark and seemed lost over the gloomy ocean of the unknown, shall return to us, bearing the olive-leaves of Paradise.'

Thoughtless reader, remember these words! - - - THERE appears to be a present prospect of a *War between Great-Britain and the United States*. Fortunately, we are 'out of town,' and like the Americans at Bladensburg, 'do n't seem to take no interest.' If they come up to *our* section, we can set twenty locomotives on 'em down the pier at once; not volunteers, but regulars, that have been trained to their work. 'Spare the switch and spoil the machine,' has always been the maxim at our end of the road. 'Let 'em come on, we are armed!' General 'RAMAPO' leads the forces, aided by 'NEW-YORK,' second in command, and another locomotive on 'the retired list,' half-way down the Flatts, and at low tide ready at its country's call. 'Up Guards!' ('Engine' Guards,) 'and at 'em!' - - - A COUNTRYMAN brought a number of live fowls to market in one of our Southern towns. A native and a Frenchman were 'pricing' them with a view of purchasing, when the poulterer mentioned his price per pair, and remarked that he wished to leave for home, and if they would buy the lot, they could have them for so much a head. 'Well, then, Monsieur,' said the Frenchman to the other: 'suppose we buy dem all: you will take the *roustares* and I shall take their *sistares*.' Is n't that *very* 'Frenchy?' - - - Do our readers remember the thrilling account given not many months ago in this department of the KNICKERBOCKER, of '*A Night in Bed with a Rattlesnake*?' We shall assume that they do; for it was not a narrative to be soon forgotten. Well, from the same welcome correspondent we derive the following:

'In the month of August, in the year 1836, I was sojourning for a few days at the Cavalry post on the Mississippi River, called Fort Des Moines. There was at this post at the time above stated, quite a body of troops, under the command of that excellent officer and accomplished gentleman, Colonel M ——. This gentleman was accredited one of the best shots in the army at that day, and I was particularly anxious to witness his prowess in arms. To accomplish this a party was made up for the purpose of paying our respects to the 'Prairie chickens,' whose homes were upon the wide-expanded 'ocean land' that lay at no great distance from the fort. I have said the party was made up for the purpose of paying '*our* respects' to the game in question. This is a slight mistake, for none of the party were armed with any weapon more deadly than a pocket-knife, save the Colonel. The rest of us were mere amateurs. We went to see the fight, not to join in the 'deadly fray.' The hero of the day was mounted on a slight-made, ambling pony, of so diminutive a size that, when mounted, the Colonel's feet almost touched the ground. Dressed in his hunting-garb, and armed with his

trusty double-barrel, he was ready to take the field. The rest of us were differently mounted; and as for myself, by accident or by design, I was called upon to throw myself astride one of the most vicious and untamable animals among the whole four hundred stabled at that post. It is true I did not pride myself on my horsemanship, but as for backing down, that was out of the question, even though my obstinacy had cost me the dislocation of my neck, or the more moderate punishment of the breaking of a leg. So after examining the saddle, and seeing that all was right, with two soldiers on either side of his head to hold the animal, I vaulted into the saddle, and adjusting my feet in the stirrups, and gathering up the reins, gave the word to 'let him go;' and sure enough, he *did* go; and he not only went but he flew; but by great good luck, for I can attribute it to nothing else, I preserved my position, and by still greater good luck, my reputation as a horseman.

'A few minutes' ride brought us upon the entrance to the far-stretching prairie, and in a few minutes more the Colonel was engaged in his favorite sport. The rest of us, having no guns, soon found ourselves wandering still farther into the 'desert waste;' and it was not long before our presence started from his hiding-place a PRAIRIE WOLF. Here was the game before us, but we had no weapons with which to dispatch him. The thought occurred to us that we might *ride him down*, and so set upon the chase. The race was an exciting one; but having the fleetest horse, I was soon left 'solitary and alone' in the race. But this denizen of the prairies had a decided advantage of me, for he could turn a short corner in a much quicker time than it was possible for me to do; and the consequence was, that when I thought there was no possibility of escape, the next moment would see my wily fugitive on another tack, and before I could veer around, some rods would be intervening between us. I did not like the idea of a discomfort, and therefore pursued the game, 'hoping against hope,' until I was wearied of the ride, and gave it up in despair. I did not catch the wolf, but 'I had a good drive out of him.'

'Were you ever lost on a prairie? If not, you can hardly imagine the *crushing* sensation of being *alone*! Being lost in the woods is a pastime compared to it! In the latter case you are surrounded by the noble forest; around and above you, the branches are vocal with the song and chirp of the feathered tribe; the squirrel is performing his antics by leaping from branch to branch, and from tree to tree. There is animation and music around you; *life* pervades the scene, and gives hope to the *future*. But in the former case, one desolate waste, with nothing to break or enliven the prospect, presents itself to the eye. The throbbing of the heart, even, is silenced with the vastness of the desolation that surrounds it, and a sensation of despair is felt creeping over the mind, until an effort is demanded to save the body from utter prostration. This was my condition after the unsuccessful chase of the wolf. In the excitement of the race I had not discovered that my companions had left me, neither had I taken any note of the course pursued. I looked around me, 'monarch of all I surveyed,' which was nothing more nor less than utter desolation.

'But there was no use of speculation. I must get back to the fort; but how was that to be done? There was not a root or a branch to guide me. My horse had become perfectly *docile*, and really seemed to sympathize with the troubles of his rider. I attempted to follow my trail back, but after many efforts found it of no use; and finally, when I found the sun was not disposed to wait for me, but was fast sinking to rest in the west, I threw the reins down upon the neck of my noble beast, and gave myself up to his guidance. It is not the first time this best of all animals has been thus serviceable to me. Instinctively, or otherwise, he set his face toward the fort, and it was not long (for my friends had become alarmed at my absence) before I heard the firing of guns, they having resorted to this in hopes of attracting my attention. In due time I was in comfortable quarters, and thus ended my day's sport if 'sport,' it may be called.

R. R.'

A 'good scrape to be out of!' - - - THE great length of an article among the 'Original Papers' of the present number, (which in sending to the

printer's we had forgotten was written, against our *repeated* caution to correspondents, on both sides of the paper,) together with a lost package of 'copy,' prevents the publication, in this issue, of several notices of new books and new editions from popular houses in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia. We ask the indulgence of our friends the publishers once more until our next number. - - - We see many allusions to Mr. BARNUM's failure, in the papers, some of which express a sort of exultation at the alleged fact. We do not envy the man who can rejoice over the misfortunes of one who has devised so many liberal things as has Mr. BARNUM; whose misfortunes have been brought on by his generous attempts to assist his friends. Let such remember that Mr. BARNUM has no contract unfulfilled; that he owes no one for labor, or for any articles for the use of himself or his family; that if he is ruined, (which we are slow to believe,) it is by having too much confidence in others. Mr. BARNUM has been unfortunate, in placing his trust in others; but if he were this day without a penny in the world, he could not long remain so. He is just in the prime of life, and has energy and resources that will enable him soon to recover all he has lost. He may have a lofty fall, but he will be sure to alight on his feet. It will not be long before the public will hear of some enterprise they now little dream of, which will surprise and startle them, and then 'BARNUM' will once more be in every body's mouth. You may knock him down with one of the very largest of the clubs that killed Captain Cook, but he will be up again before you can vociferate 'JOHN ROBINSON, Esquire.'

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New Publications, Art-Notices, &c.

'THE CITY ARCHITECT,' is the title of a 'Series of Original Designs for Dwellings, Stores, and Public Buildings,' adapted to cities and villages, the first number of which has just reached us from the press of MESSRS. DE WITT and DAVENPORT, of this city. It is from the pen of Mr. WILLIAM H. RANLETT, author of 'Cottage Architecture,' and is illustrated by drawings of plans, elevations, sections, details, etc. It commences a work the plan and execution of which impress us very favorably. It is intended to be, and promises to be, 'an eclectic designer and instructor in the art of constructing houses adapted to the exigencies of the American people: to enable those whose necessities require them to build with such rapidity that they cannot stop to study principles, and in places where they can seldom avail themselves of professional assistance, to avoid the errors which are so inevitable and so costly, so destructive to domestic comfort, and so often ruinous to health. It is not to be simply a collection of designs for showy house-fronts, but a manual containing all the requisite information and practical directions for building a city *from the start*. It will contain not only plans and specifications for dwelling-houses, shops, stores, manufactories, lecture-rooms, academies, churches, theatres, court-houses, prisons, hotels, almshouses, and hospitals; but also instructions for paving, flagging, constructing drains, culverins, docks, wharves, mills; street-grading, laying out of squares, parks, and public grounds; and full and comprehensive directions will be given for ventilating, heating, and lighting all classes of buildings.'

'OUR CHURCH MUSIC,' by Mr. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, a thoroughly-educated and accomplished musical *savant*, is literally 'a book for pastors and people,' and one with which we hope 'pastors and people' will generally make themselves acquainted. The

volume contains a true and forcible exposition of the present style of church-music, and gives us many important suggestions as to its improvement and reformation. It is a fact, that we have heard more *devotional* church-music from a country-church choir, in our boyhood's 'meeting' days, (set a-going by a tall 'singing-master,' with dingy, well-bethumbed, unpainted pine 'pitch-pipe,' pulled out to 'E' or 'F,' and sounding the onset to 'Old Windham,' 'Aylesbury,' 'Old Hundred,' 'Limehouse,' and the like; the whole congregation joining, with an unction, a fervor, and a *travang*,) that we never heard in a metropolitan church, with all the opera-singers in town, singing opera-tunes in the blue-and-gold decorated choir-inclosures. And *apropos* of this, hear Mr. WILIS's sensible and forcible remarks:

'HEARING a choir sing, is *not worship*. Reading the hymn through in a merely intellectual attention to the thought, is *not worship*. A solemn feeling is *not worship*. Such a feeling is often the result of architectural or artistic causes. A person, for instance, has entered a cathedral. He is awed by the grandeur and solemn hush of the place. He yields to an irresistible feeling of solemnity, and afterward goes away, and feels, perhaps, as though he had worshipped. Not so. He has merely indulged in what might be called *architectural awe*. Such a feeling is a legitimate effect of elevated art. But this is *not worship*. The place and the supreme OBJECT of worship lie higher than mere architecture, or music, or sculpture, or painting, artistically enjoyed, bear the soul. For, in the enjoyment of art, as in the enjoyment of natural scenery, we are recipients; the mind, therefore, is in a passive state. Whereas, in worship, the mind is in an active state. We must rise *through* nature to nature's God: and, in sacred art, unless the soul be impelled forward one step further, to definite religious action, it is not in a condition of worship. For no passive state, no condition of mere feeling, can involve this. Worship involves an act. Feeling may and should accompany this act, but cannot constitute it. And in sacred song we must not only, as a mere act of intellection, attain to the thought of the words, but we must *utter that thought upward to God*, before we can be said rightly to worship.'

COSMOPOLITAN ART-ASSOCIATION. —The second annual distribution of this increasingly-popular 'institution,' took place on the twenty-eighth day of February last. The distribution was made in the presence of a large number of citizens and invited guests, at Sandusky, Ohio, who were first favored with an eloquent lecture on '*The Dignity and Influence of Art*,' by PARKE GODWIN, Esq., of this city. The Genoa Crucifix goes to FRANCES BOLAN, of Minersville, Pa.: the Bust of WASHINGTON, by POWERS, was drawn by Dr. SALTER, of this city, who subscribed for the KNICKERBOCKER only a day or so before the distribution. The Bust of FRANKLIN, also by POWERS, goes to JAMES PATTERSON, of Alliance, Ohio. We learn that the Association are making arrangements to remove their Gallery to Philadelphia, and expect to offer greater inducements than ever to subscribers. Those who wish to add to their magazine-reading can subscribe, and receive any of the three-dollar magazines for the present year, and become members of the Association for the third year. As we have before said, there has never been offered any plan for the dissemination of works of art and good literature so deserving of public favor as this; and next year, by opening a Gallery for exhibition in Philadelphia, and if possible a sub-exhibition here, they should secure one hundred thousand subscribers: and we predict that they *will*.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN has opened its *Thirty-First Annual Exhibition*. We have not had an opportunity as yet to visit the collection, but we learn from those who have been more fortunate, that it is one of marked excellence and unwonted attraction. Beside the best efforts of the 'great masters,' DURAND, KENSETT, CHURCH, ELLIOTT, HICKS, LANG, and their compeers, certain new candidates for public favor have made successful endeavors to secure the boon. The Academy, in the pleasant days which bid fair presently to ensue, will be one of the most charming places of resort in the metropolis, both for intellectual and refined enjoyment, and the 'best society.'

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC. —The LAGRANGE OPERA TROUPE, after very successful seasons in Boston and Philadelphia, are again among us, and have been greeted on their return by crowded houses. As we write, the house is to be closed for a week, to bring out ARDITI's new opera of '*The Spy*,' of which we may have something to say hereafter.